



THE CONGREGATIONALIST AND CHRISTIAN WORLD

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House to House Work in the Country

Beginning in May, 1903, preaching services were held in the South Hollow chapel, New Hartford, Ct., for six months. The State Home Missionary Society sent us Miss Rosetta Reynolds, who lived in the neighborhood two months and did a splendid work. A chapel had been built several years ago and religious services have been held from time to time by wandering religious teachers, mostly of the fanatic order, but there was felt a genuine hunger for true spiritual food. A Sunday school was conducted either here or in the schoolhouse—a mile distant—during the entire time. Miss Reynolds lived as a neighborhood worker does in the city slums and held one well attended social which helped to bring the people together. She spent her time visiting and conversing with the people as she could find or make opportunity. No attempts at special revival meetings were held. I cannot say that visible results in the way of open confession of Christ resulted from these services but the emphasis was laid upon the necessity of life and conduct as evidence of true religion. This was apparently a new kind of teaching to the neighborhood in which the winning manner and fresh life of Miss Reynolds must have been a God-send to many a lonely life. This work has now been turned over to the Barkhamsted church which is nearer it than the New Hartford church. The field is not so distant as to need a special worker long, but the sending of one there for a time was a good investment. T.

Diamond Anniversary at South Braintree

The South Church and parish of Braintree, Mass., have just celebrated their seventy-fifth anniversary with a week of festivities. The program was admirably planned and successfully carried out. On Sunday, June 26, Rev. D. W. Waldron of Boston, pastor of the church nearly forty years ago, with his characteristic skill marshaled the facts and figures of the church history. Organized with twenty members, there has been steady and wholesome growth to the present enrollment, the largest in its history. There has been corresponding increase in benevolences. The old church edifice was destroyed by fire in 1860, and the present building was dedicated a year later. The list of fourteen ministers shows that the church has been exceptionally fortunate in its choice of leaders.

Monday evening was devoted to greetings and congratulations from the neighboring churches. Tuesday was Old Folk's Day, with dinner and reunion, one of the most interesting gatherings of the week. Old Home Day, observed on Friday, will longest be remembered. In the afternoon there was a reunion of former members of the Hollis Institute. In 1842 the parish was made trustee of a fund sufficiently large to build, equip and maintain this academy for the special training of the children of the parish. Its imposing edifice still stands on the church green, though no longer used for educational purposes. All the living pastors save one participated in the evening reception and reunion. On Sunday, July 3, the pastor's anniversary sermon described *The Ways of Other Days* in parish life and work, the festivities concluding with a patriotic service in the evening.

The services were so varied that interest deepened and attendance increased. Great credit is due the pastor and committee of arrangements. Rev. C. F. Hill Crathern has served the church since 1896. Strong in the pulpit, sympathetic in pastoral ministrations, sincere and sterling in his Christian manhood, he has infused new life into the church and has been an efficient leader in public affairs. The church is in almost every respect stronger than ever, and is preparing courageously and enthusiastically to meet the larger opportunities of the future.

NORFOLK.

Rev. Len G. Broughton of Atlanta, Ga., a leading Southern preacher well-known to Northfield audiences, suffered violence at the hands of the chief of police of that city last week, because as preacher of the ethics of the gospel he had denounced the policeman's failure to live up to his official oath as a protector of society.

Meetings and Events to Come

CONFERENCE FOR LEADERS in Sunday School and Young People's Societies, under auspices Young People's Missionary Movement, Silver Bay, Lake George, New York, July 22-31.

CONGREGATIONAL DAY, WORLD'S FAIR, St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 21.

National Council, Des Moines, Io., Oct. 13-30.

Religious Notices

Religious and ecclesiastical notices, addresses of ministers, etc., published under this heading at ten cents a line.

CHURCHES desiring service from Rev. C. H. Williams of Hartford may address him at The Mohican, New London, Ct.

AMERICAN SEAMAN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, No. 76 Wall St., New York. Incorporated April, 1833. Object: to improve the moral and social condition of seamen. Sustains chaplains and missionaries; promotes temperance homes and boarding houses in leading seaports at home and abroad; provides libraries for outgoing vessels; publishes the *Seaman's Magazine*, *Seaman's Friend* and *Life Boat*.

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Notices under this heading, not exceeding five lines (eight words to the line), cost subscribers fifty cents each insertion. Additional lines ten cents each per insertion.

Erratum. The P. O. address of Rev. Edward P. Stone is Rutland, Vt., not "Burlington," as printed in the Year-Book.

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A SUSTAINING DIET.—These are the enervating days, when, as somebody has said, men drop by the sunstroke as if the Day of Fire had dawned. They are fraught with danger to people whose systems are poorly sustained; and this leads us to say, in the interest of the less robust of our readers, that the full effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla is such as to suggest the propriety of calling this medicine something besides a blood purifier and tonic—say, a sustaining diet. It makes it much easier to bear the heat, assures refreshing sleep, and will without any doubt avert much sickness at this time of year.

BOSTON & MAINE'S BOOKLET ON EXPOSITION UPON RECEIPT OF POSTAL CARD.—The St. Louis Exposition is daily drawing large crowds, and the attendance thus far has surpassed the opening month at Chicago. The Exposition is startling in the completeness of such an enormous and magnificent spectacle. The amusement feature known as the Pike is really marvelous; however, the same may be applied to other portions, and to mention the points of interest would require much space. If you contemplate visiting St. Louis, send to the Passenger Department, Boston & Maine Railroad, Boston, for their beautiful illustrated booklet telling about the Exposition. It will be mailed upon receipt of a postal card.

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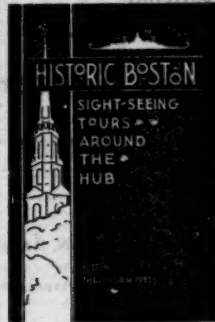
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Event and Comment

IT looks as if the returning graduate is more and more to divide with the outgoing Senior the attention paid by the public to Commencement festivities. The alumni are certainly returning in greater numbers and with ever-enlarging enthusiasms. Certain sons of Amherst have this year offered a handsome trophy to the class which shows the largest percentage of men at the reunion, and as a result last week the winning class registered an attendance of five more men than it graduated. At Harvard, Yale and all along the line there were similar demonstrations of love and loyalty. The effect of the revisiting of old scenes and the renewal of dear ties is immediate and wonderful. Hard-headed men far on in life are softened and sweetened, cheered and braced as they come back to the fountains of their best life. It is a proof that ideals once lifted before plastic youths never fade entirely from view and are perhaps a dominating force when the man himself seems to have settled down to a commonplace career.

TWO weeks ago we referred to the establishment by the Cumberland Conference of a board of control to serve as a permanent body for purposes of general supervision and assistance to weaker churches where needed. Now another Maine Conference, the Penobscot, has adopted practically the same plan. At its meeting in East Orrington, June 28, it was unanimously determined to establish a union council to consist of the pastors and the professors in Bangor Theological Seminary and as many laymen as there are church organizations in the conference to be elected annually by the individual churches. This is to be a permanent body with its own president and secretary-treasurer, who, with three others, shall form a board of oversight. This board is to select committees from the council which shall take up various aspects of the work and push them effectively. The council will hold its annual meeting the first Tuesday in November and makes a thorough report to the conference at its annual meeting in June. It is hoped that through this council greater efficiency shall come to the general work of the conference. The lay feature is strongly emphasized, a majority of the council being laymen. At least two and not more than three of the board of oversight are to be laymen. The constitution adopted, while pushing vigorously the interests of Congregationalism, emphasized the spirit of co-operation with all other Christian

bodies working within the limits of the county. It is expected that the main emphasis of the council will be upon aggressive spiritual work, especially in destitute sections. This movement is being brought to the attention of the various conferences in Maine and the matter is likely to come up at the State Conference at Gorham next September. It is essentially a home mission enterprise and promises to be a powerful aid to the Maine Missionary Society.

ABOUT these days, when honorary degrees are distributed with care and received with complacency, it is refreshing to hear of a new degree, as explained in a private letter from a lifelong missionary among Western Indians, the same being in reply to a request for statistical data. "The only degree I have is that of D. D., given by my wife and a few other friends, who hold me Doubly Dear, as I do them. I hope to increase still more the faculty of loving and being loved, as the years go by—but the academic faculties have let me alone." Let the brother of love's degree rejoice in that he is exalted—that abideth when those that refer to tongues and knowledge shall fail and vanish away!

A FORM of Y. M. C. A. work which is coming into increasing prominence every summer is the vacation camp. This season will find 11,000 Y. M. C. A. Camps young men distributed in 250 of these camps in the United States and Canada. The Albany association owns an island in Lake Champlain. The Cleveland association rents a farm, while in California and Colorado boys often camp out without tents during the dry season. Massachusetts and Rhode Island maintain together two camps, one in the Berkshires and one on an island off the coast of Maine. The Boston Y. M. C. A. owns the largest and best equipped in this country. It is on an island of seventy acres in Lake Winnepesaukee and here during the hot months hundreds of young men spend their vacations and come under the influence of Christian men of a high type of character. Sunday morning the campers crowd the village church, while in the evening they conduct a service in camp. These camps cannot be too strongly recommended to young men and boys. It is a far more sensible way to spend a vacation where recreations and companions are wholesome and nature is at her best, than at a crowded summer resort among conventional and usually expensive surroundings.

DURING the past year Massachusetts and Rhode Island have inaugurated a new system for reaching the small towns with Y. M. C. A. influence. There are now County Y. M. C. A. Work county as well as state organizations. Norfolk County is the experiment station, and as a result of the systematic efforts of the county secretary, Rev. W. J. Sholar, nine leagues are formed in the smaller villages of the county. The fruits for the first twelve months are encouraging. Complete co-operation exists between the state association and its new offshoot, and by another year it is hoped other counties may be similarly canvassed. The county committee has just published its first year-book containing the minutes of the convention in April at Norwood.

WHILE many in this country are regretting the decision of Dr. Campbell Morgan to accept his call to Westminster Chapel, London, he and his people there are already planning a vigorous campaign at this commanding center of influence in the heart of London. Recent drifts of population have brought within the reach of the chapel a considerable number of middle-class people to whom British Congregationalism has always appealed. The West End with its wealth and fashion is not far distant and the great hotels near by will naturally contribute their quota to Dr. Morgan's congregation. He says he has no special program but will go one step at a time under the guidance of the Spirit. He begins with no settled stipend but he has at the outset intimated his desire to have at least \$5,000 a year for what he calls an auxiliary fund to provide for special phases of church work. During his recent term of supply, congregations have grown rapidly, over 2,000 persons being present at times. He will not assume full charge until the last Sunday in October. Meanwhile he is to be heard at Northfield where he is expected this week. Doubtless his classes and congregations there this summer will be larger than ever before. They could hardly be more appreciative.

THE bearing of Mr. Morgan's decision on down-town church work generally ought not to be overlooked. Westminster Chapel has not counted for much in the religious life of London during recent years, but now that the right man seems to have been secured as leader, large expectations are cherished touching its

Another Maine Conference Declares for Closer Fellowship

Dr. Morgan's London Opportunity

influence in the metropolis. Dr. Morgan evidently expects that his congregations will be drawn from all parts of London. He says: "It is a great advantage that the church should be in the very center of our empire's life, close to the Houses of Parliament and the ancient Abbey." Does not the same principle apply to American cities as well? Given a preacher with a message and a location easily accessible from all parts of a metropolitan district, and the essentials for a strong, large church seem to be provided. The down-town church problem is not settled simply by counting the number of people who live within walking distance of an edifice. The solution must take into account the fact that dwellers in urban districts in these days of swift and cheap transportation attend church wherever they please. During a recent pastorate at Tremont Temple, Boston, more Baptists living in a suburban city were regular attendants there than were to be found on Sunday in any single Baptist church in that suburb.

THE first memorial to be placed on the walls of the new Bicentennial Memorial Hall at Yale honors as fine a type of character as could have been selected for the purpose out of the heroes of a whole century. It is to Horace Tracy Pitkin, the martyr of Paotingfu. The bronze medallion by the sculptor, George T. Brewster, is a true likeness, and is set on a slab of Vermont marble bearing this inscription:

A Memorial to a Modern Martyr

IN MEMORY OF
HORACE TRACY PITKIN
BORN IN 1869 AT PHILADELPHIA
GRADUATED
IN 1888 AT EXETER ACADEMY
AT YALE IN 1892
AND AT UNION THEOLOGICAL
SEMINARY IN 1896
THREE YEARS MISSIONARY
IN CHINA
KILLED AT HIS POST
IN PAO TING FU
BY THE BOXERS 1 JULY 1900
WHOSOEVER SHALL LOSE HIS LIFE
FOR MY SAKE AND THE GOSPELS
THE SAME SHALL FIND IT

Under the slab are the words, "Erected by the Classes of 1892 Y. C. and 1891 S. S. S." At noon on Tuesday of Commencement week a little company of distinguished missionaries and Yale men gathered before the memorial and listened to an appreciative address by his classmate, Rev. Oliver H. Bronson of Simsbury, presenting the memorial to the president and fellows of Yale. It was accepted by President Hadley in the name of Yale with this sentiment: "Yale men have demonstrated that a soldier can be a minister and a minister can be a soldier. Whoever carries his flag into the face of danger is a soldier, and doubly so if he loses his life in so doing. We have here a modern Knight of the Round Table in a noble quest of the Holy Grail."

SO much is being said about perils incident to the phenomenal influx of immigrants, that it is interesting to note that at Quincy, Mass., a week's successful conference of Finns has just been held. Beginning with a "people's party" on Sunday in a grove with an attendance of more than five hundred, stirring music and eloquent speaking, services were held

every evening for a week. The best Finnish speakers of New England were present. The printed program and the speaking were in Finnish. The church was crowded at every service and the audiences were more than half men. They discussed such themes as: Home, Good Citizenship, The Meaning of Religion to the Country and Individual, How to Train Children in the Home, The Workingman's Worse Foe—not very baneful subjects for these new comers to consider. A little acquaintance with these people show that they have just made a fresh discovery of civil and religious liberty, and their enthusiasm, a reminder of our Puritan ancestors, is refreshing. There is a deal more of promise than of peril in such twentieth century pilgrims.

THE *Watchman* has been studying the baccalaureate sermons and finds that while the advice has been good and such as makes for Christian living, the preachers "have conspicuously avoided an appeal to those spiritual motives for righteousness which are the distinctive features of the Christian revelation. . . . We look almost in vain through these discourses, which ring the changes upon the life of service, to find the Christian duty connected with the Christian motives." "Is this accidental?" asks the *Watchman*. It thinks that it is not; rather that it is symptomatic of an experiment being tried on a large scale in the modern world which can only end disastrously. It is in order for the preachers to reply. Our analysis of the sermonic output would be somewhat different. The *Standard* is on the same trail as the *Watchman*, only its scrutiny has been turned on the giving rather than the preaching of the day. It is convinced that "much of the giving (of money) of our time has back of it no conscious purpose to advance the kingdom of God, and so is not in the highest sense Christian beneficence."

AT the Central Conference of Jewish (Reformed) Rabbis held in Louisville, Ky., last week, discussion centered about two things pre-eminently—what Jews may do in limiting or abolishing Christian teaching and influence in the public schools, and how reform of polity in the direction of more connectionalism and less independency may be brought to pass. It was said emphatically that nothing in the way of superior authority in matters of belief could be or need be intrusted to this synodical body, but only such authority as would further administrative and philanthropic ends. Evidently the Jewish Independents like the Christian Independents are in the grip of conditions and are becoming relatively indifferent to individualistic traditions. As to the criticism of the public schools, it is not surprising in view of the distinctively Christian atmosphere of so many of them. It only needed the growth of Jewish population in this country, such growth in numbers and wealth as recent years has brought, and an increased sense of power both with the politicians and the press, for this criticism to rise to the surface; and we shall have to reckon with it.

A RECENT celebration in Japan of more than ordinary interest was the thirtieth anniversary of the Kobé church, which claims the distinction of being the first organized in connection with the American Board's mission, the first in Central Japan and the second Protestant church organized in the empire. It is one of the strong, self-supporting, independent churches of the *Kumi-ai* body. Eleven members were enrolled at its organization in 1874. In the thirty years the church has received 1,000 men and women on confession and 373 by letter, a total of 1,463. The present membership is 612. Twenty-five thousand, eight hundred and eleven dollars (*yen* 51,622) have passed through the channels of the church, exclusive of the amount raised for the celebration. The contributions to the celebration fund exceeded the amount asked to such an extent that the interior of the edifice was renovated, gas fixtures were furnished, an iron fence on a brick, stone-coped wall was supplied in front of the edifice, and still a sum of \$500 remained after all expenses incident to the anniversary occasion were met. The church is gradually laying aside money for a permanent fund, and thus shows a far-sightedness which might well be imitated by American city churches.

THE Greek church was the first in the present era to reach the northern part of Japan, it is specially strong about Sendai, and its founder, Bishop Nicolai of Russia, is its only foreign representative. He is remaining in Japan and quietly going about his usual business of translation, and superintending his work. The question has been raised as to whether the bishop should take Russian money, but as what aid he receives is given, not by the Established Church, but through a small missionary society, it seems unnecessary to refuse voluntary offerings from individuals, as the Japanese Government has declared that it is not at war with foreigners as individuals, or with their religion. Missionary Nicolai has told the believers to pray for Japanese victory but has frankly admitted that during the war, as a loyal subject of the czars, he cannot attend services in the Tokyo cathedral and join in their prayers. The bishop has acted in a straightforward, manly way which has won the respect of the chivalrous Japanese.

CONSIDERING the vital relation between training of men for the ministry and the health and prosperity of the Christian Church is it not surprising that there is no more intimate and vital relation between our theological seminaries and the churches? Could there not be more frequent and systematic communication between the two groups of institutions, and more regular and systematic giving to the theological seminaries by the churches? Has there not in the past been too much dependence on the gifts in large sums of comparatively few donors, and too little effort to enlist a large number of givers? We are prompted to ask these questions

Bringing the Seminaries Nearer the People

by the fact that Mansfield College at Oxford, over which Dr. Fairbairn presides, is preparing to increase its income by enlisting as large a number as may be of those who will give a pound or two each year for the maintenance of the school and its enlarged activity. Alumni of theological seminaries are not often in a position, unless they have married rich wives, to give large sums to their academic mothers. But they frequently are able to give \$5 or \$10 a year or more. Were this plan tried not only would the institutions profit by the money, but also by the renewed personal interest of the clergy. Sooner or later a revived loyalty among the clergy would have its effect on the laity, and they from their larger resources might begin to give again. How long is it since any one of our seminaries had a gift that needed to be written in five or six figures?

THE coroner's jury investigating the General Slocum disaster "has seen its duty and done it." The president and

The Verdict in the Slocum Disaster

directors of the Knickerbocker Steamboat Company have been found guilty of criminal negligence; the captain of the boat has been found criminally responsible for the accident, and the captain of the fleet of boats owned by the company criminally responsible for failure to equip the boat with fire-fighting and life-saving apparatus; the government inspector is condemned for criminal negligence both because of his own manner of inspection of the boat and his failure to report its condition to his superiors; and the system of inspection of boats in New York harbor is declared to be deficient and needing the immediate attention of the Department of Commerce and Labor. Arrests have swiftly followed this jury's finding; and there seems to be a disposition to get at the bottom facts of the case, and to punish all high or low who are responsible. Certain witnesses valuable to the state have disappeared conveniently, which reacts unfavorably on the boat's owners and officers. Secretary Cortelyou of the Department of Commerce and Labor has issued an order relative to reinspection of all the steamboats in New York harbor by inspectors drawn from other cities, and therefore not suspected of collusion. Certain obstacles seem to stand in the way of prompt action on this order by officials in New York, which hesitation makes suspicion deeper, and increases the demand for resolute action by the President and the department. This disaster in New York has led to stiffer enforcement of law governing steamboats in all the large Atlantic coast cities; it also has materially lessened passenger traffic.

AFTER flirting—as is his custom—with the Prohibition party leaders for a time, Gen. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., finally said "Nay" to their proposition that he become the party's presidential candidate, and the honor has gone to Rev. S. C. Swallow of Pennsylvania, conspicuous a few years ago for his attack on corruption in the State of Pennsylvania, for which audacity he had to suffer in various ways. The popular

vote for the Prohibition candidate for President in 1900 was a trifle over two hundred thousand votes, in a total poll of about thirteen and a half million votes. Reasons which should make the vote larger relatively in the coming campaign do not lie on the surface. The platform adopted has the merit of more breadth than the party's first platforms had; various of the newer reforms are taken up and indorsed, such as popular election of senators, the initiative and the referendum, uniformity of legislation and international arbitration. It is still insisted, however, that the reform of reforms in this country is prohibition of the sale of intoxicants, and that a party with this reform as its reason for existence, and proposing to make it the text of party loyalty, is the one which ought to command the allegiance of the electors. The electors do not seem to think so, albeit never was there a larger prohibition area in the country; but it is the fruit of local option, and of non-partisan action by citizens employing home rule to defeat the saloon.

Education, Democracy and Religion

The Christian Church is deeply concerned with a very practical problem which administrators of colleges and universities now face. Notwithstanding the enormous gifts to educational institutions during the past two decades of our history, and notwithstanding the increased revenue from tuition fees due to the marked increase of attendance, many of our privately endowed and supported institutions of learning today are either facing annual deficits or restricted operation of their plant owing to lack of funds adequate for institutional needs.

To raise the cost of tuition to the pupils would be an easy way out of the dilemma for some of the larger institutions, and this has been proposed both at Yale and at Harvard. To increase the cost of tuition, however, will keep from a liberal education in these institutions many of the best men who enter college, and put barriers in the way of a sort of student material which no wise administrator cares to see debarred. President Hadley at Yale and Bishop Lawrence and President Eliot at Harvard made it clear at Commencement that neither of those great and venerable institutions wishes to get the needed revenue if thereby debarring men with limited income but fine character and lofty ambition, nor cares to appear to justify the charge that Yale or Harvard are ceasing to be democratic.

We are glad that both President Hadley and Bishop Lawrence and President Eliot placed responsibility for settling this problem where it belongs, namely, on the alumni of their institutions, not on the abnormally rich few, not on the state; for, despite the value of state universities, there will always be need of the independent, privately endowed, supported and controlled institutions of higher education, as President Gates of Pomona College pointed out last week at the National Educational Association. That the competition between the state created and state supported and the privately endowed and supported institu-

tions is to become increasingly intense is clear. President Eliot sees it and is urging Harvard men to awake.

The Church's interest in this problem and its solution is this: Her ministry to a large extent is drawn from men who are ambitious, who are eager for the best education, who realize that the highest usefulness in the Christian ministry is conditioned on adequate preparation for the work. Seldom are these youth overburdened with wealth. To gain the education desired involves sacrifice either for parents or other kindred; it means self-restraint for the student himself and the making of every dollar go as far as it may. Obviously any tendency in our colleges or universities to increase the cost of gaining the B. A. degree will have a deterrent effect on candidates such as the ministry most needs just now.

The Geography of National Values

The people of New England from early times have held that that section was the chief source of the nation's religion, intelligence and wealth. On the basis of this doctrine New England has been called on to furnish money for missions, to send forth men and to furnish capital for great business enterprises in all parts of the country. She has responded to these calls freely and has been satisfied with her reward. The belief that she is in honor bound to do this still has so much truth in it that it is regarded as heresy to question it. The assertion made by *The Congregationalist* that the West is of age, while it has been approved by some, has been met by grievance and in some instances by indignant remonstrance from sections which have been drawing the most money for their benevolent enterprises from the East. The most frequent statement on this matter is that New England is only doing her duty and discharging her just debt.

At our request, therefore, a Western pastor has compiled some suggestive figures comparing the wealth and the rate of its increase of different sections of the country. These figures, given on page 53, show that in actual property values Western cities are rapidly overtaking Eastern cities of similar population, while they indicate that in the rate of increase of the value of land and of farm products other sections of the country are far outstripping New England. If it is urged that men of great business enterprise are most numerous in New England and that they make the largest investments of capital in the West and receive the largest share of the productive income of Western business, the statement of bank clearings may be a sufficient answer. If not, we have no doubt that Western men are ready to speak for themselves.

The claim that New England Christians are the more consecrated and more generous seems to be supported by such facts as that New Hampshire Congregationalists give \$6 per member to benevolence, while Minneapolis Congregationalists give \$2.66 per member. Such comparisons are not conclusive, but they emphasize the importance of the more thorough cultivation of the grace of giving in all sections of the country.

The underlying fact of this discussion is that a readjustment is needed of our geographical ideas of values. The relations between the East and West are not the same as they were a generation ago. There are as rich sections of country and as rich individuals in one part as in another. Poor sections, poor churches, regions inadequately furnished with means of education are to be found in all parts of the country. The problem is how to stimulate Christian benevolence in every part and to direct it where it will do the most good.

But the West is growing rich faster than the East. New England is being overworked for benevolence in comparison with some parts of the West. Most of our Congregational churches in the West were planted by home missionary aid and many have grown up dependent on it. For their own good and their larger usefulness they need to get rid of the habit of dependence as soon as possible. At the same time it is of primary importance that our home missionary churches should be maintained and their work extended. The danger is not so much that the West will not give, as that its giving will not be with Christian motives and for Christian ends. The evangelization of the whole land is our business as disciples of Christ, and that will not come except through churches and Sunday schools.

No doubt as noble examples of self-sacrifice can be cited in the West as in the East and perhaps as many. Yet we believe the truth is stated by a valued correspondent who has lived for several years on the Pacific coast, who writes to us: "Sad as it is, there is probably far less of the real spirit of self-sacrifice in the membership which the Western churches have gathered to themselves than existed in early New England, and to a considerable extent exists in their successors today. We try to develop that, but it is slow, is a matter of growth, not the product of the modern spirit, and not helped along at present by any great spiritual quickening movement."

The upshot of all this discussion is not that New England wants to get rid of the West or that the West should try to be independent of the East. It is not that New England should give a dollar less than it is giving. But the West cannot expect from it in the future as large a proportion of the money needed for Western Christian enterprises as it has received in the past. The geographical relations of values have changed and are constantly changing. Other sections of the country are potentially—perhaps actually—as rich in money, men and Christian consecration as New England. The facts as stated by a Western pastor elsewhere in this issue are conclusive on this point. The time has come in our Christian work when the helpers cannot be regarded as predominant in one geographical section and the helped in another. With the spirit of Christian benevolence diffused as it should be, the New England of the last century to which seekers for aid to Christian enterprises naturally turned first will be found in every part of our country.

Notwithstanding his summary treatment in Australia Dowie's agents there are making so many converts that a well-known Baptist min-

ister in Adelaide has been sent to this country to gather facts about Dowie and about his business career in Zion City, with which to go back to Australia and enter upon a campaign of exposure.

The Nation as an Altruist

In a week notable for many speeches discussing public affairs with ability and eloquence, possibly the most notable was that by Mr. Richard Olney, at one time Attorney-General and later Secretary of State of the United States, an able, forceful, outspoken publicist. The burden of his lament to his fellow-lawyers is that the nation by its policy in the Philippines is engaging in altruism costly to the home taxpayers; that there is a tendency to depart from the strict letter of the Constitution, as the all powerful, determining body of organic law, infallible and sacrosanct; and that paternalism is supplanting individualism.

If parallels between individuals and nations are to be run—and they always have been by reformers—if an ethical code governs groups of men like that which governs man as an individual, then, for our part, we cannot see why a nation is not as much obligated as an individual is to do what it believes to be good and right. And the greater its power, intelligence and wealth the greater its obligation.

If as Professor Sumner of Yale University and the *Springfield Republican* claimed in 1899 and as Mr. Olney claims now, the "corner stone of every empire and every independent nation the world has ever seen is national self-interest"—to quote the *Springfield Republican*, or if the alphabet of political philosophy is that "a statesman should never impose any sacrifices upon his people for anything but their own interests"—to quote Professor Sumner, if there is no authority for purely philanthropic enterprises by a nation, then perhaps it was left for the United States to show another rule of conduct. Cromwell got ahead of us however, and used the Puritan State to stop Piedmontese persecutions, and he set England an example she has not forgotten, to the betterment of the human race.

Self-interest precedes but does not preclude unselfishness. If the taxpayers of the United States want to spend several hundred million dollars in the experiment of preparing the Filipinos for self-government they will do it. It is their money to spend as they please; on others if they please. If they saved it and spent it on themselves, indeed, it might add to the selfish sordid "materialism" which is said to be rampant among us.

As for the Constitution, it is unquestionably losing in authority for the same reason that any document in law or any framework of government made more than a century ago must lose. In so far as its spirit set forth in the Bill of Rights is in harmony with the loftiest spiritual conceptions of freedom today it is authoritative still; in so far as the mechanism of government it provided still conserves democracy's ideal it is revered. But its letter does not and should not stand in the way of democracy's reaching out for new fields to conquer and new foes to overthrow; and all strict-constructionist reasoning or lament about the document—as if it were infallible—

will come to nothing in the presence of the resistless movement of history. Many of its provisions are already obsolete; in times of crisis both Executive and legislature have transcended the letter of its law and have been sustained by the Judiciary; and it is constantly being re-interpreted by the Supreme Court in the light of conditions of the time, and to this tribunal if to any body of men the Constitution may be left safely for guardianship of essential democracy.

What of the dangerous drift toward paternalism which Mr. Olney sees? To a Jeffersonian Democrat doubtless it is grievous that Hamilton's theory of the State should be triumphing; but over-emphasis on State rights by the South brought on a Civil War, and in the reaction the Federal idea was bound to wax. Excessive self-interest in industry and trade over a long term of years has brought competition into disrepute, and the reaction toward combination is far more intense than it would have been had there been less selfishness by competitors. If there be dangerous paternalism now, it is only because of the greed of the individualists who brought it on. If men are reaching out for more fellowship it is only because they have suffered so much from their isolation and stark independence. Co-operation, not competition, is the law of the future; social welfare rather than individual aggrandizement is the watchword of the new day; and, paradoxical as it may seem, with society controlling more and more the life of man on his lower side and economic ranges, he will be all the freer to develop his individuality on its mental and spiritual side.

Mr. Olney's speech, together with Mr. Root's at Yale, are being cited as much needed words relative to respect for law. Something along that line of preachment needs to be said just now, and said forcibly. But law is a growth not a deposit; and all the wisdom of American republicanism did not pass with the death of Jefferson and other makers of the Constitution.

The statesman of today, like the theologian, has to reckon with the scientific spirit, with the doctrine of evolution, with belief in the present and in the future as well as reverence for the past. Strict construction of the Constitution is as obsolete as verbal inspiration of Scripture; and the theory that a society which is governed least is governed best is as unscientific as the opinion that savagery is a state of paradise.

The Fellowship of Believers

Christian fellowship is not something to be created, it already exists and is effective so far as we acknowledge it. When we open our hearts to the great brotherhood of which Christ is the center we are but opening our eyes to an existing fact. The relation is, in a sense, even independent of the feeling of our brother. His eyes may not be open, but because he is related to Christ we are related to each other, whether he understands and acquiesces or no. The first step here, as everywhere, is the careful ascertainment and cordial recognition of existing fact. Christ makes the brotherhood, you have but to take your place in it. The full

acknowledgment by all the brothers will come in God's good time.

It is significant that this real fellowship of believers comes to its highest general acknowledgment in the sphere of practical service. Men who deny each other the right to the common Christian names and refuse to share the memorial supper stand side by side in charity and philanthropy. There was no question of orthodoxy that day when the burning steamer lay in Hell Gate and the few helpers within reach did what they could to save the children. The Red Cross has no doctrinal tests and no excommunications. When the people of a community are stirred to their depths in the interest of civic righteousness something like an ideal Christian fellowship manifests itself in their gatherings and activities.

This acceptance of Christian fellowship as a state already existing which needs only to be recognized and not inaugurated does something to mitigate our distress over the divisions and misunderstandings of Christians. The sorrowful picture of disunion we see is not the reality. If we and all the rest could see things as they really are, we would feel ourselves together as we really are together. Such an insight into the reality is a comfort when we are disowned or opposed by other Christians. It hinders uncharitable judgments. It encourages our endeavor after truth. It sweetens common service in the world, and every attainment reaching toward the perfect unity. There is a joy of the ideal fellowship upon which we may already draw because our hearts are attuned to its music. There is a courage which is our portion because we belong to the innumerable company which in Christ's thought and vision is really one.

Practical acknowledgment of this fellowship which is both ideal and real is one of the most powerful instruments of our witness-bearing. We invite the world to him in whom all are one. Membership in the local church is fellowship in the Church catholic. Our narrow bounds are not ours by choice but ours by imperfection. So far as we have the spirit of unity we live and speak as representatives of the whole body of Christ. So far as, in our lamentable divisions, we recognize essential unity, we are anticipating the communion of saints which is to be fully known in heaven.

Our Handbook Topic for the Midweek Prayer Meeting, July 10-16. Eph. 1: 1-23.

In Brief

It is good to note Prof. George Adam Smith's return to Glasgow after his long absence in India and Egypt. He has played the part of convalescent gracefully for nearly a year now and his health seems pretty well restored.

Sir M. E. Grant Duff, in his latest collection of anecdotes and reminiscences, tells of Jowett's saying of Ruskin: "Views! Ruskin has no views—only phases of thought, phases of thought!" Many people today have "phases of thought"; some have opinions; how many convictions?

A phrase which Dr. Leonard W. Bacon lingers lovingly over and often repeats in his excellent Story of the Congregationalists is, "beating their fellow-servants." That describes too many theologians and reformers of

every type. Dr. Bacon himself has sometimes beaten the beaters.

We like to see the missionaries coming in for the degrees. Amherst did the fitting thing last week by Rev. Otis Carey, for twenty-five years a representative of the Congregational churches in Japan and a man who stands high in as fine a company of missionaries as is to be found on the earth.

Cardinal Satolli was presented to the delegates to the National Educational Association in session in St. Louis last week. He saw some of the most steady and persistent but entirely courteous opponents of the Roman Catholic Church and its ideal of education which the republic has to show.

A New Jersey Presbyterian church has pensioned a sexton who has served it twenty-seven years. That is right. The Church cannot be behind the State and great industrial corporations in recognition of the fact that long and loyal service to it sets up a claim which must be met cheerfully and generously.

The Church Standard, after reading Dr. Bacon's recent book on Congregationalism, is moved, being Protestant Episcopal, to "speculate, as to the vast difference for good, had the enormous spiritual energies of the Puritans been under the control and guidance of Episcopal or even Presbyterian government." Nothing sect-depreciatory about this.

The entertainment committee at Grinnell, Io., where the American Board is to meet next October, is early in the field enlisting interest in the meetings. It has issued a letter promising visitors comfortable lodging and board at reasonable rates. It is desired that all intending to be present communicate with Rev. E. M. Vittum, Grinnell, Io., before Sept. 15.

For some time the most effective work for temperance done in this country—apart from systematic teaching in our public schools—has been by industrial and transportation companies, which have refused to have intemperate men in their employ. Now large business houses in New York have begun to discriminate similarly against those who frequent race tracks, poolrooms and the like.

British schoolmasters are complaining about circulars from Germany which pupils are receiving tempting them to gamble through lotteries. They come chiefly from the minor German states which still legalize lotteries. The British Foreign Office, which is following this matter up, is letting it be known that it has Prussia's aid in its endeavor to put an end to the traffic.

At a recent midweek meeting the clerk occupied ten valuable minutes in reading, with painfully slow and labored speech, the records of the church for four months past. As he concluded the pastor announced a hymn, more or less at random evidently, the first words of which were, "Art thou weary, art thou languid, art thou sore distressed?" That clerk will quicken his pace next time.

One of President Eliot's cameo character-sketches uttered when conferring the honorary degrees at Harvard, will interest not a few Congregationalists. "THEODORE THORNTON MUNGER, preacher and author, prophet of liberty and unity, who long ago saw what kind of seed the nineteenth century was sowing in literature, philosophy and religion and foresaw the precious harvest of the twentieth?"

The Anglican Bishop of Worcester recently made it known that "influence" and "pull" and petitions from clergymen seeking "livings" at his hand were "the greatest possible hindrance to the appointment of that person if it were otherwise probable." He called attention to recent army orders bearing on

the same problem of promotion, and argued that what was good for the army was good for the Church, namely modest trust in merit, not in "pull."

Among all the baccalaureate counsels of the season none perhaps has had an illustration more simple and significant than that used in the address of a college president. It was the question of a little girl about a kinsman, whose life seemed to her wholly spent in indolence or amusement—"What is Uncle John for?" Substituting one's own name, the query may be a pertinent one for some who are not receiving their academic diplomas—"What am I for?"

Hon. Robert Colt, who died in New London, Ct., recently, had occupied many positions of honor and responsibility in Church and State. He had been mayor of the city, its representative in the General Assembly and a member of Congress. He was also a corporate member of the American Board, and prominent in the Second Congregational Church. A brother of Rev. Joshua Colt of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society, he was a sterling and useful citizen.

The Presbyterian Standard (Charlotte, N. C.), commenting on our recent comparison of Gen. William F. Bartlett to Havelock and Stonewall Jackson, says, "When a religious paper published in Boston can say of a Federal soldier that he was a saint of the Havelock and Chinese Gordon and Stonewall Jackson type, it does begin to look as if the war was over." There never was a time when the North did not recognize the piety and nobility of, and Puritanism latent in Stonewall Jackson.

Confederate and Federal veterans are to hold a social and non-political rally at the St. Louis Exposition, July 15. General Howard and General Wheeler are to lead in the fraternization of former foes. We live in a wonderful land, among a noble people; and few things about us are more wonderful than the forgiveness of the North for the South and the South for the North, and the nobility with which men who once endeavored to kill each other now rival each other in evidences of love.

After remaining less than four years with King's Weigh House (Congregational) Chapel, London, which during that time has spent not less than \$35,000 in making the edifice conform to Dr. Hunter's ideas of what a church interior should be, Rev. Dr. John Hunter decides to go back to Trinity Congregational Church in Glasgow, a majority of whose members wish him to return, but by no means an overwhelming majority. Rather a strange proceeding we should consider it on this side of the water.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Rt. Hon. and Most Rev. Randall Thomas Davidson, D. D., who signs himself Randall Cantaur, has at last found it possible to accept the invitation to visit this country and attend the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church to be held in Boston in October. He will sail in August, and visit several American cities. *The Congregationalist* Pilgrimage party in 1896 had many courtesies at the hands of Dr. Davidson, who then was Bishop of Winchester.

Those desiring to unite with others in the preservation or restoration of the family altar may become members of the Pilgrim League, described on page 66, which was drawn up by Rev. James P. O'Brien of Kansas City, superintendent of Sunday school work for Missouri and Arkansas. Mr. O'Brien has used the plan in connection with the State Sunday School Committee, and with its indorsement sent it to the pastors, and later had it presented to the State Association.

where it was adopted. He re-commends its similar use in other states.

At a recent State Association the committee on the work of the churches reported that one church clerk neglected the records year after year until the annual report was called for and then was in the habit of guessing at the number added to membership and dismissed. His disposition to look on the bright side made his guess too high and it was not even suspected till some exact person found an accumulation of 121 imaginary members, more than all the present and absent members. Moral: pick out your scribes and clerks carefully.

Friends of law and order, thrift and human welfare will see the point of the New Hampshire Supreme Court's decision that under present laws gambling under certain conditions is permissible within that state's confines, and will so act at the next session of the legislature as to make the corrupting and wasting traffic impossible in the Granite State. The decision strikes us as rather fine drawn, and of the hair-splitting order. It at least shows how the invention of transmitting news by electricity has been utilized by evil men.

Caricaturists with their cartoons and editors with their paragraphs have had their innings poking fun at Boston's law-enforcing and somewhat Puritanical Police Commissioner, Judge Emmons; but no one can read of Boston's quiet Fourth of July and the diminished roll of the maimed and seriously wounded without feeling that Judge Emmons deserves less scorn and more praise than he has had thus far from the Boston press. His chief fault is that he talks too much, but that can be pardoned in a man who also does things.

It is interesting to see how an American Roman Catholic faces such a fact as Galileo's treatment by the papacy. A graduate of Boston College (Jesuit Boston, last week, discussing the Church and progress and advancing the usual claim that the Church is "always on the side of progress," said, "The condemnation of certain theories of Galileo by the Congregation will be cited, but it were as fair to call a senate committee the United States, as to call a Congregation the Church." If to make his point the loyal Catholic minimizes the authority of the Congregation in one case, what about it in other cases?

Vermont is to be congratulated on the nomination by the Republican party of a typical representative of the sterling yeomen of the good old state. Mr. Bell is a deacon in the Congregational church at East Hardwick. The day before the convention assembled, when aspirants of office are usually engaged in the finishing strokes of the preliminary skirmish, he was found by Secretary Strong of the American Board, who happened to be in the vicinity, seated upon his mowing machine serenely pursuing the day's work and apparently unconcerned about the honor so soon to be bestowed. Politics have been rather too warm in the Green Mountain State of late years and the money element in the campaign too conspicuous. It seems to be the mission of this farmer deacon to lead the return to the steadier fashions of former years, and like Cincinnati of old, the office seeks the man.

The *Churchman* preaches admirable Congregational doctrine in its exhortation of the Anglican Church to permit lay participation in all legislation affecting doctrine as well as discipline. "Wherever the full rights of the laity have been denied in the course of ecclesiastical history, the result has been a loss of spiritual power and effectiveness," it says, and adds, "The calm and complacent way in which those who voice the cry of 'revolution' disregard the experience of the younger and independent branches of the Anglican communion might excite surprise if this indifference were a unique instance of insular in-

telligence." The *Churchman* laments that "clericalism" prevents the House of Deputies of the Protestant Episcopal General Convention from having as its presiding officer a layman conceded by all to be superlatively well fitted for his work. Our National Council has laymen as moderators.

Points Worth Noting in Church News

Hawaii forms a new Congregational Association (page 54).

A horse! a horse—the call is for a horse (An Indiana Deputation, page 30)!

An experiment in settlement work in the country (House to House Work in the Country, page 42).

Pencilings

BY A PERIPATETIC

Mr. Taft, Secretary of War, and formerly governor general of the Philippines, is one of those robust, genial, unflinched, frictionless mortals whose intellectual equipment plus a big heart and stout body would carry him safely and easily through tasks that would kill a smaller man or a man of a different temperament. It was fascinating the other day at Harvard to hear him narrate the history of our acquisition of the Philippines, set forth the reasons which seemed to make it necessary that we should acquire sovereignty, and describe the methods we have adopted in setting up order where inter-tribal warfare prevailed, in planting an educational system, in creating a judiciary which is unbribable, and in laying the foundations for ultimate self-government, within or without the American nation. His normal utterance of his thought is that of a judge coolly stating what the testimony is, what the arguments of counsel are, what the law seems to be, etc. Invective against his critics is lacking. When from the rôle of chronicler or judge he turns to the rôle of apologete—in this case for his own acts largely—there is some increase of pitch, added volume of tone, and an occasional vigorous gesture as well as a flashing eye. But the dominant impression is that of a large, massive man, large enough for the important task he was set, who brought to it a composite equipment of mind and heart, which made his choice by President McKinley little short of inspired.

You can readily imagine how his tolerance, his good humor, his love of fair play, his controlled temper, his silken glove over the iron hand all made for the success of his administration as well as his learning as a judge, his incorruptibility as a man, and his breadth of view as a patriot did.

He came to speak to an audience at Harvard more hostile probably than any which he ever has addressed. When he finished he had won a personal victory and shaken the assurance of some critics of his policy.

Congressman McCall of Massachusetts is an independent partisan of the Charles Sumner, George William Curtis type. His discussion of the Ethics of Journalism last week before Harvard Phi Beta Kappa men was the most thorough-going dealing with the business of newspaper making which any of our publicists has indulged in of late; and very opportune it is. I am not so ready as he to forego all recourse to law in the correction of admitted abuses. If the influence of the counting-room be anything like as strong today as he says it is the opportunity for reform of professional ethics from within is all the slimmer. There is a licentious sort of proprietor abroad now who will respect nothing but the strong hand of the law.

I do not expect, live I to be as old as Methuselah, which may Providence forbid, to see many more beautiful sights than Col. T. W. Higginson, leader of a Negro regiment in the Civil War, ardent Abolitionist and as staunch a friend of the Negro as New England has to-day, pleading with his fellow-graduates of Harvard to put on the walls of Memorial Hall, Cambridge, the names of the youth who went out from Harvard to fight for the South in the Civil War. Coupled with a reiteration of his old plea for loyalty by the North to the inalienable rights of the Negro was this note of chivalry and forgiveness, this plea that *alma mater* recognize the courage and the conscientiousness of sons who went South, while he and a majority remained North.

They have been playing Euripides' *Hippolytus* in London and it has made a profound impression. "It is so startlingly fresh and vivid that it reveals cruelly the heartlessness and impertinence of the diluted comedy on which we are nowadays regaled. . . . The effect is as of a robed queen passing through a mob of bedizened Bartlemy Babies," says one critic. The full force of this comparison I do not understand for lack of even a bowing acquaintance with Bartlemy Babies; but I can quite understand the effect described. I had it last winter when I saw the *Antigone* of Sophocles played by Greeks in New York. In its present *ennui* the world is glad to get back to the ancient and primitive. Wearied of Ibsen and Sudermann and Pinero, the frequenter of the theater hails Sophocles and Euripides with delight, and even the dramas of the older Indians, such as the one played last week at Smith College. Like-minded are not a few devout Christians today. Wearied with contentions as to the basis of authority, the implications of psychology, the disputes as to Higher Criticism and the creakings of multiplied machinery for altruistic ends, they long for the Pauline and Johannine notes of authority, and take up with zest the Gospels and the Epistles.

Sparks from Other Anvils

THE SIMPLE LIFE

(New York Evening Post)

There has never been a time when sober fathers and mothers, when the sane and saving remnant among their children were under such heavy obligations to maintain their ideals of restraint in expenditure and simplicity in living; to stand as a bulwark against a new irruption of barbarians; to spread the wholesome doctrine that college is the most unfitting place in the world for indulgence in the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life.

LET THE LANDMARK STAY

(The Watchman)

From a religious point of view we feel a satisfaction that the plan of pulling down Park Street Church, Boston, has been abandoned. Architecturally it is in harmony with the State House and the features of the Common, but more than that it is a memorial of a crisis of religious history in Massachusetts. . . . Park Street Church stands as a monument to those evangelical Christians who had the courage to come out, leave their religious homes in the hands of the controlling Unitarian element, and start anew for themselves.

(The Transcript)

The Boston Club expects to succeed, though located down-town. Tremont Temple, as *The Congregationalist* observes, manages to keep going. Then why not Park Street? Perhaps the fault is not so much in the location of the church edifice as in the lack of disposition and ability to supply what workaday humanity demands.

A Story of Shakerdom	<h1>Sister Martha and Jane Ann</h1> <p>By Emma Seevers Jones</p>	The Foundling Finds a Home
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Sister Martha, in a blue and white striped gown of true Shaker weave and make, sat on the top doorstep gazing at the silver maple that stood by the front gate. Sister Martha did not see the silver maple, which goes to show that insight sometimes overshadows out-sight.

What Sister Martha did see was a faded little farmhouse among the snowy hills of Vermont and a little maiden, clad in homespun and happiness, sitting on a homemade sled of uneven balance, which was drawn by an awkward boy of fourteen. His air of proprietorship was equaled only by the sturdy independence that gave impetus to the long pull up the hill to the schoolhouse.

After that had come sorrow and parting. Sister Martha, a newly orphaned maiden, had been carried from the home of her youth by an aunt, also an orphaned maiden of longer standing, to the Shaker village in York State. Sister Martha had clung sobbingly to the boy as he kissed her good-by, and whispered that he would follow some day and bring her home to Vermont again.

But his coming had been long delayed. So long indeed that he had not arrived at the York State village until a week after her emigration, at the age of twenty, to the Shaker settlement in southern Ohio. Her name was among the chosen, and there was no alternative but to make the long, overland journey with the small company of brothers and sisters who had felt called to the new country. Here she had lived for fifteen years. And the boy? What if he had come a week earlier or she had stayed a week later! What if—

Sister Martha was gazing into the past, which is as unprofitable as gazing into an empty well. Jane Ann was gazing at Sister Martha. Jane Ann's twelve-year-old consciousness was wondering what Sister Martha was thinking about. Jane Ann herself had thoughts and questions which the proprieties of Shakerdom prevented her expressing.

Sister Martha was partially aroused from her reverie by an intuition that something disagreeable was happening, just what she did not at first realize. Giving herself a mental shake, she saw that the leaves of the silver maple at which she was gazing were disturbed, and expressed their disapproval by a soft rustle and gentle movements in all directions, exposing their silver linings in the western sunlight.

Sister Martha looked grave and frowned. She glanced from the silver maple to the row of persimmon trees along the road, and to the sugar tree and in the garden; their leaves were hanging quiet and peaceful without hint of agitation.

"I thought so," murmured Sister Martha severely, "that comes of wicked thoughts about a man."

Sister Martha's thoughts had not reached manhood exactly, as their object had been a boy of fourteen years or thereabouts. Nevertheless she said emphatically,

"That silver maple must come down."

Jane Ann was interested. There was nothing Jane Ann enjoyed so much as an evening chase after the father of lies. She remembered the thrilling experiences of the summer before that had preceded the demolition of all the aspen trees on the place.

"The devil likes that sort of tree," had been Sister Martha's excuse for the timber slaughter. Sister Martha was authority in the center village and her wish was law.

Jane Ann looked for diversion and it came. She now viewed with satisfaction her long kitchen apron which at other times she wickedly felt inclined to take off and stick behind the back log in the kitchen fireplace, near which she washed dishes forever and ever. Now she patted the apron and smiled.

Later the apron was used in the exciting chase that followed Sister Martha's vigorous lead. Jane Ann was delighted to see the brethren join the sisters in the chase. She loved to see the brethren "shoo" with their hats, sometimes wildly waving them in their determination to drive the devil from his moorings. The sisters waved their aprons like flags at half mast, and the devil was chased from the silver maple to the sugar tree in the garden and along the row of persimmon trees by the roadside. Finally he was driven into an ancient basswood on the farm of a neighboring worldling half a mile from the center village. Here they left him, for as Sister Martha said,

"The devil never troubles a worldling."

Jane Ann was radiant. She would have hopped, skipped and jumped on their return had she known how and had her skirts been less scant. Jane Ann loved excitement as a jockey lover the turf. There had been but little diversion in her life.

The event that had furnished her the keenest enjoyment she had ever experienced was the fire that had nearly destroyed the upper village two years before. Everybody shouted and ran to and fro, waving their arms, even the worldlings joining in the fight against the flames. No one went to bed that night, and the brethren, whose habitation had burned, were distributed between the men's houses of the center and lower villages. That was how she came to know the Foundling. He was quartered at the men's house of the center village with others until the men's house of the upper village was rebuilt.

The Foundling stood by the gate now as the center village people returned from their chase. He smiled at Jane Ann as she passed. She gave her apron a conscious little flirt in response, then quickly reproved herself and decided that the flirt of the apron was a final farewell to Satan instead of a greeting to the Foundling.

"It's great sport to chase the devil," she observed animatedly to Sister Martha.

"Nay," said Sister Martha reprovingly,

"it's better to chase the devil than be chased by him, but it's best for young girls to conduct themselves modestly."

Sister Martha's soul was troubled. The Vermont boy with the wobbly sled kept recurring to her mind, and she wished the devil had been driven entirely out of the neighborhood. She half turned as if to take up the chase again, but darkness was coming on and tomorrow was the Sabbath.

Mild curiosity was manifest among the brethren and sisters at the Sabbath morning service. A delegation had arrived since the Sabbath previous from the parent society in York State, and had been assigned to the lower village. They fell in with the line of march that entered the meeting house, the men first, followed by the women, and the children bringing up the rear. The solemn chant and dancing was interspersed with exhortations and testimony in the midst of which the Man of Influence who had brought the delegation of strangers from York State distributed the greetings of the parent society to the Ohio community.

As he passed Sister Martha on his way down the aisle his hand almost touched hers as he threw out from his breast the greetings he had brought. Sister Martha's arms like those of all the believers were extended to receive the greetings and carry them to her breast, but she gasped and her hands fell to her side for a moment. Her agitation was unnoticed save by Jane Ann who took Sister Martha for a model in all meeting house affairs.

As the final dance of the service came to a close all ceased their motions except Sister Martha. She continued to waltz by herself until she fell to the floor overcome with dizziness and exhaustion. All looked solemnly on except the Man of Influence who had distributed greetings. He scowled and looked as though he would like to shake Sister Martha.

"It is the devil," said the oldest brother of all and he secretly wondered what it meant. Usually it was only the weak minded whom the devil was bold enough to attack in the meeting house. Once before in the history of the place had a sensible, respected sister been possessed as was Sister Martha and she had eloped the following night with a brother from the upper village. He hoped Sister Martha was not going to elope. He glanced furtively down the row of brethren of which he was leader but every face was serenely calm. He gave a sigh of relief which was changed almost to a gasp as he turned his eyes upon the scowling Man of Influence, from York State.

"An unseemly look to wear in meeting," he thought severely.

Sister Martha's sinking to the floor was an indication that the devil had left her. Doors and windows were thrown open, and a lively chase with switches and "shoos" took place, under seats and in corners. Jane Ann was excited and a little scared. The Foundling smiled at her as she climbed up on one of the

benches, where she remained until the devil was safely chased forth. Sabbath quiet once more reigned, but the Man of Influence continued to scowl.

The next evening about sundown Jane Ann missed Sister Martha. Being herself in an altogether discontented and un-Shakerish frame of mind, she started out following the line of chase taken by the center village people on the eve before the Sabbath. It was a glorious June evening, and Jane Ann walked on far past the basswood tree and into the hollow where night birds were beginning to call. Jane Ann wanted to break loose and run with the freedom of the lambs who scattered at her approach. She spread out her arms and began running down the hollow.

Elated at her abandon she commenced to sing and dance the liveliest of the Shaker sacred melodies. Suddenly the Foundling appeared beside her; joining hands and voices they danced on until they reached a tree that stood before a clump of underbrush. They circled around this tree, looking in the deepening twilight like Shaker fairies of giant growth performing their evening devotions.

In Jane Ann's inner consciousness was a half formed thought that the devil might be up this tree, and she vaguely wondered what would happen to her for so wickedly dancing with a boy.

As if to give substance to her fears a dark form walked out from the clump of bushes near by and Sister Martha's indignantly reproving voice exclaimed,

"Jane Ann! art thou possessed?"

Jane Ann uttered a shriek and shrank away, but the Foundling protectingly threw his arm around her and looked defiantly at Sister Martha.

"Stop, Marthy," said a masculine voice as another dark form stepped out from the clump of bushes, and laid a detaining hand on Sister Martha's shoulder. "These children are only obeying the dictates of nature and enjoying the spring time of life and of the year."

The voice belonged to the Man of Influence who had scowled so impiously at the Sabbath service the day before.

He bore no resemblance to the Vermont boy of the wobbly sled, but Sister Martha had recognized him, and this evening she was wandering about in the hollow trying to get rid of the unregenerate thoughts that filled her mind. She walked unconsciously direct into his arms.

"Come, Marthy," said he, "we will go back to old Vermont where there are no devils."

Sister Martha was about to utter a protesting "Nay," when she was astounded by the appearance of Jane Ann and the Foundling.

The Man of Influence now drew Sister Martha's arm within his own and said caressingly,

"Shall we take these children with us, Marthy?"

"Yay," said Sister Martha, and the four walked off in the darkness.

God has mercifully made us so that no man can constantly and purely believe in any great privilege for himself, unless he believes in at least the possibility of the same privilege for other men.—*Phillips Brooks.*

A Forgotten Glory of Park Street Church

By Leonard Woolsey Bacon

It is not right that commemoration of the church perhaps "to swift destruction doomed" should fail to include one of the most notable and honorable incidents in its distinguished history. It was one of the early and important centers of systematic anti-slavery agitation in the last century.

Contrariwise to a common misrepresentation of history which has been industriously propagated and indolently entertained, the early years of the Park Street Church were years of widespread, earnest and effective anti-slavery effort. The effort became intensified in the struggle against the toleration of slavery in Missouri. When that struggle was defeated by the Missouri Compromise, there was momentary disheartenment, from which the friends of freedom were rallied to the fighting line again by that pre-eminently noble leader, Jeremiah Evarts—represented in the next generation by his son, William M. Evarts, and his nephew, George F. Hoar. His articles in *The Panoplist*, about 1820, sounded the notes of a new forward march. Among the most eager in responding to his call were the young men who crowded the rooms at Andover Seminary. The archives of the Society of Inquiry show that the society became an organized propaganda of abolition sentiment.

But all parts of the American Church, North and South, East and West, were moved by the same spirit. The Baptist and Orthodox Congregational churches of Boston flowed together, and organized that series of Fourth of July anti-slavery discourses in Park Street Church which, when the history of the anti-slavery agitation comes to be fully and honestly written (as it never yet has been), will fill more than one honorable page. The first of them was delivered by Louis Dwight in 1823. In 1824 the appointment was given to an Andover student whose anti-slavery pamphlet, written the year before, when he was barely twenty-one years old, had not only stirred the heart of New England, but had been reprinted at Richmond for circulation at the South. His *Plea for Africa* in the Park Street pulpit was a bold demand, not only for the liberation of the colored race the world over, but for the elevation of them to the enjoyment of all human rights, civil, intellectual and spiritual.

The next year, 1825, this young orator had been newly settled as pastor at New Haven; to whom his successor at Park Street, John Todd, writes a letter asking suggestions for his own speech, and for his fellow-students enlisted in a crusade through all the vicinage. The subject, he says, is exciting "no small attention in this region. I suppose Bouton will speechify to his people [at Concord, N. H.] on the Fourth of July next; Home, of my class, will do the same at Andover; I suppose also some one from Andover will go to Salem, and some one to Newburyport on the same errand." There is no room to continue the story. If, in the memorial speeches and writings which the removal of the monumental church would call forth, this feature of the history were passed in dumb silence,

it would be no worse than the commonly prevailing indolent acquiescence of the people of this generation in the defamatory falsehoods against the memory of their fathers that are diligently foisted into history for the greater glory of Garrison.

In 1829, the seventh year from the beginning of these annual discourses, the appointment was given to a zealous young Baptist, Mr. Garrison. There were many remarkable traits in his character which it would be instructive and entertaining to delineate; only one of them may I here dwell upon—his miraculous faculty of not knowing the things that were going on before his eyes and about his ears. His boyhood had been passed in the midst of an anti-slavery agitation that convulsed the continent. As a boy of ten and as a young man of eighteen he had lived in Baltimore amid the shocking scenes of the domestic slave trade. He returned to the North, to an atmosphere reeking with anti-slavery sentiment. The pulpits were resounding with anti-slavery appeals. The press of Boston was teeming with anti-slavery books, pamphlets and newspapers. The zealous young Abolitionists from Andover had come to Garrison's own village preaching their crusade.

But Garrison had never heard of it all. Up to 1827 he "had known little or nothing of slavery, as to the number of slaves held, or as to where they were held." Probably there was not another man in New England whose ignorance was so dense and whose conscience was so torpid on this subject. But it was like the man, that two years later, addressing the seventh annual anti-slavery assembly in Park Street Church, he should take on the airs of a lone, adventurous pioneer of freedom, a solitary voice in the wilderness crying in behalf of the blacks, "over whose sufferings scarcely an eye weeps or a heart melts or a tongue pleads either to God or man." Was this simple ignorance, or was it impudent effrontery? In either case it proves him a very remarkable man.

This *début* of Mr. Garrison was the end of the Park Street anti-slavery series. It was the beginning of the end of a strong, wise and hopeful movement for the peaceful abolition of slavery. But this is another story.

Doubtless the worn-out old falsehood about a prevailing torpor concerning slavery at the time when Garrison began his work will continue to be industriously repeated; and will continue to be acquiescently accepted by people who ought to know better.

Assonet, Mass.

The elaborate and thorough study of Matrimonial Institutions just published, written by Prof. George E. Howard, credits much of the decided progress of the last twenty years in the direction of better divorce legislation to the National League for the Protection of the Family, with Rev. Dr. Samuel W. Dike as secretary. This society needs recognition and encouragement; its income should be larger, and its secretary should be given opportunity to speak in our churches and before our educational societies.

An Instructive Study of the
Actual Facts

The Wealth of the East and of the West

By Rev. George S. Rollins, Minneapolis

More Generous Giving the
Ideal To Be Kept in
View

The editorial paragraph in *The Congregationalist* of May 21, under this title, showing the comparative rate of increase in bank deposits in New England and the West, suggests other comparisons equally startling regarding the relative increase of wealth in the two sections. Bank clearings and deposits, the growth of cities, the value of farm lands and products, the output of mines, the homes and condition of the people all indicate the degree of prosperity which they enjoy.

Comparing cities of like magnitude, Moody's Annual shows the bank deposits of Hartford to be \$25,000,000, and of Des Moines \$22,000,000, not a great disparity in view of the greater age of the former. Springfield, Mass., with 62,000 population, has \$15,000,000 in bank, while Davenport, Io., with 40,000, has \$19,000,000. Boston reports \$322,000,000, and St. Louis \$222,000,000. According to census reports the *per capita* rate of bank deposits in three sections of the country are as follows: New England states, \$381.35; the middle West, \$341.05; the far West, \$719.19. Bank clearings indicate the volume of business and general prosperity of sections in which large cities are situated. Clearing house reports for 1902 are: Hartford, \$139,000,000; Des Moines, \$105,000,000; Providence, \$354,000,000; Minneapolis, \$720,000,000; Springfield, Mass., \$80,000,000; Davenport, Io., \$52,000,000.

Another sign of prosperity is the trend of values in farm lands and products. From 1890 to 1900 the value of *improved* farm lands increased in New England 0.7 per cent., in the north central states 31.1, in the south central 48.9, and in the far West 21.1 per cent. The average price per acre declined in New England 5 per cent., while in the north central states it advanced 9 per cent. The price declined slightly in the state of Maine, while in South Dakota it rose 22 per cent., in North Dakota 24, in Iowa and Minnesota 25 per cent. In the same period the value of farm produce increased 50 per cent. in New England, 100 in the north central division, and 200 per cent. in the far Western states. The value of live stock fell off 10.4 per cent. in the East, but advanced 51.3 per cent. in the West. The increase in the volume of cereals, ores, wool, timber, and coal, largely produced in the West, is proportionately great, indeed almost incredible. According to Bradstreet, the total output of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, and Colorado in 1902 was 56,242,000 tons.

That there is much Eastern capital invested in Western mines and railroads is true. So also, is there a vast amount of Western money similarly employed, represented by such men as James J. Hill, whose holdings in mining enterprises are enormous. The great timber interests are almost entirely in the hands of Western men. Besides, the Eastern dividends of Western mining and railroad operations represent but a single source of profit from these concerns. The expense of operating is immense and is distributed on the ground. Furthermore, let a few Eastern people tell of their mining stocks, which pay no dividends and which have no existence except on paper.

"All the West is not of age." True, but much of the middle West is, and is rich in money and resources. Where wealthy sections are profiting from poorer neighbors, this fact alone constitutes a valid claim of the latter upon the former. If the wheat merchants of Minnesota are being enriched by North Dakota farmers, why should not some of this wheat money endow North Dakota colleges?

That educational institutions must sometimes be "forced upon" communities is, of

course, no reason for staying educational work but indicates the need of a vigorous campaign in such sections upon the value of Christian education. This is the great need. Public education is superbly organized in the West and is capped by the great State University, which is provided for by annual legislative appropriations equal in several instances to the incomes of the largest, oldest and richest universities of the East. The popularity of these institutions is widespread and their prestige great. This is the chief obstacle of the small denominational college. Another hindrance is the fact that each denomination has one or more colleges in the same state. Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Disciples, Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Lutherans are all struggling to endow and build up colleges in the same territory. Naturally the constituency of each is limited. Congregationalists have nearly succeeded in reducing their colleges to one for each state, though Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas and South Dakota have two each.

Notwithstanding the facilities of the great state universities, the small Christian colleges are doing a work which the former cannot perform. These smaller colleges are predominantly Christian in teaching, spirit and ideals. The personal contact and influence of the instructor is far and away superior to what it can be in the great institutions under state control and more or less subject to political influences. I believe that the average undergraduate of such colleges as Fargo, Carleton and others, is getting better intellectual discipline, and forming higher ideals of life than the same student in the great state institutions. Just for this reason these colleges ought to be liberally endowed, and that by the very constituency which profits by their presence. This constituency needs educating concerning the value and needs of such colleges. I was for eight years pastor of a good church in a prosperous Western state, which has one of the best of our Congregational colleges within its borders. No request was made by any one connected with this college to present its work and needs in my pulpit, until near the end of that pastorate.

This is no attempt to draw geographical lines in Congregational benevolences, but rather to break up those already cast by habit and tradition, and which no longer have unqualified justification. The reasons quoted in *The Congregationalist's* editorial, *The West Is of Age*, stand unanswered: (1) "There is no need of it," at least, no such widespread need as existed twenty-five years ago. (2) More important is the fact that, "so long as our own people are relieved of the responsibility of caring for the institutions at their own doors, they are not likely to give to them generously and effectively." Western people are generous. All they need is to realize the value of an institution. So long as Eastern people are solicited more than Western, this thing is geographical, and it is not making it so to point out the fact.

New England Congregationalists, with 38 per cent. of our members, gave in 1902 69 per cent. of the benevolences. Massachusetts averaged \$6.30 *per capita*, Illinois \$3.50, New Hampshire \$6.00, Minnesota \$2.06. It is to break up this provincialism in giving that this discussion has been started. If Congregationalism is to acquire in the West the prestige and usefulness to which it is entitled, we must greatly increase our gifts to local institutions as well as to all our denominational enterprises. The smaller Christian colleges are needed, and are doing a glorious work. The

growing demand is that our people shall learn their value and feel responsibility for their equipment.

The correspondent whom you quoted in your first article does preach the "wholesome gospel" of responsibility for local institutions. And his hearers are not penurious, either. Recently, when solicited for a generous donation to a Western institution, they gave all that was asked. No one desires to divert one dollar that should go to it from any school or college. But it is high time that our Western Congregational people should become more intelligently and financially interested in their own institutions. How else can this be done, save by a vigorous and persistent canvass among our churches and individual members? Every pulpit should be open to our college presidents. Every pastor should take it upon himself to enlighten his church on the value of the Christian college. Giving is largely a matter of education. For this the pastor is responsible. If he talks about our colleges, informs his people concerning the grand work they are doing, points out the splendid men they are turning out and urges generous support of such institutions, he will help them both to students and money.

Christian News from Everywhere

Rev. Dr. Joseph A. Selss of Philadelphia, one of the most eminent of Lutherans, is dead, having attained the ripe age of eighty-two years, forty-six of which were spent in a pastorate in Philadelphia. As preacher, journalist, ecclesiastical statesman, and author of theological and devotional works he had been very influential within that body of Christians of whom Congregationalists, at least in New England, knew little.

The Established Church of Scotland's General Assembly, after a brisk debate, adopted a report by a joint committee on social work, committing the churches to support of temporary shelters, labor and inebriate homes and a labor bureau. The *British Weekly's* correspondent, commenting on the action says, "In the opinion of many members it involves the adoption of new methods in church work in large cities—methods which it is believed will have important effects on the religious and social conditions of the people." For so conservative a Church it is an important step forward, one more in advance than any the United Free Church has taken; but that Church's attention of late years has been centered on problems of Biblical scholarship.

The growing strength of the native church of India and Ceylon is shown in the desire of the native Christians to help their unconverted countrymen. To this end nearly all the older missions of South India have missionary societies which support one or more workers in the vicinity. Other societies look forward to the evangelization of India as a whole. Among the most prominent of these is the Jaffna Student Missionary Society, which includes a women's auxiliary. The Indian Missionary Society of Tinnevely works in its own district and also in other parts of the country. The American Baptist churches in the Telugu country not only support four workers in India but have sent a man to South Africa to work among the Telugu and Tamil people in Natal.

At Olivet College addresses were made by Dr. R. W. McLaughlin of Grand Rapids, Mich., and Dr. A. Hadden of Muskegon.

Race, Religion and the Red Cross	The War in the Far East By Rev. J. H. Pettet	Japan Handicapped by Unmerited Financial Restrictions
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The All-Religions Meeting

Buddhists, Christians and Shintoists have met together in harmony. The world moves, and the dawn of the day of human brotherhood shows its first gleams in these far Eastern skies. On May 16 a meeting was held in a great hall of the Jodo (Buddhist) sect in Tokyo that marks a long advance in matters racial and religious here in the Orient. More than a thousand persons of different nationalities and varying religious beliefs met together, listened to addresses by representatives of two nations and three religions, and passed unanimously a series of resolutions to the effect that the present war was not designed to be for the supremacy of one race over other races or of one religion over other faiths, but was solely in the interests of justice and the permanent peace of the East.

The patriarch of the occasion was a Buddhist priest, Nishiari by name, who is eighty-four years of age. Marquis Kuga presided, and addresses of varying importance were made by two Shintoists, four Buddhists, one Greek and three Protestant Christians, the governor, the mayor, and one or two distinguished personages whose credal affinities, if they have any, were unclassified.

Dr. Imbrie (Presbyterian) represented the missionary fraternity, and made what many consider the ablest and most effective speech of the occasion. Rev. H. Kozaki (*Kumiai*) ex-president of the Doshisha, and Mr. Saji, Unitarian, were the Protestant Christian (Japanese) speakers. Their addresses were strong and timely. Also that of a Mr. Ouchi, in which he claimed with great ingenuity and force of argument that the origin of the yellow peril cry dated back to the Tartar invasions, and was directed not against the Chinese, but by them against those northern Mongols, of whom the Russians are the legitimate heirs. The tables were thus turned upon the great invader from the west.

Two inferences are properly drawn from this mammoth meeting. First, the Japanese have no bitter feeling against Russians as Russians or as Orthodox Christians. This is not a war between races and between religions, but between systems of government and conceptions of international fair play. Second, as religious leaders with a grip on the times and a mission to accomplish Shintoists are woefully lacking. They are a back number with nothing but a history, and that fast becoming a dream. Buddhists are liberalizing rapidly. Their venerable prelates cannot handle a large meeting in accordance with modern ideas of order and promptness, nor do they find it easy to apply scientific tests to cherished truths, but their younger men are learning from Christian rivals, and are genuinely desirous of finding a meeting place for all faiths in the common aspirations of humanity and the higher individual and national claims of altruistic service.

On a smaller scale this movement for unity is apparent in several localities. Buddhists and Christians meet upon the same platform, now in a church, now in a temple, now in a schoolhouse, and emphasize the things upon which they are agreed or courteously proclaim the essential teachings of their own faiths. At one such meeting recently the Buddhist lecturer spoke on *The Fundamental (inside) Oneness of Different Faiths*, while the Christian gave a scholarly exposition of the *Song of Songs*.

In Appreciation of the United States

The papers of the past three days have been giving detailed reports of a great meeting of educators held at Tokyo May 28. It was at-

tended by representatives of a score or more of the leading universities and schools, public and private, in Japan's capital city. Dr. Hatoyama (a Yale alumnus) presided, and stirring addresses were made by those two great men of Japan, Marquis Ito and Count Okuma.

A series of resolutions expressing gratitude for America's unbroken friendliness toward this country since the days of Matthew Perry and Townsend Harris was unanimously approved. The final resolution following one asserting that the object of the present war is 'not aggrandizement or conquest, but the establishment of permanent peace in the East, is worthy of careful consideration.

"That in this struggle, standing as we do for principles which we believe are identical with those cherished by all enlightened nations, we look to the people of the United States for that sympathy which we believe our cause deserves; and especially do we turn to the colleges and universities of America, which have given to so many of us so cordial a welcome and to whose teachers, alumni and students, many of us are bound by ties of gratitude and friendship."

Harvard alumni, brown and white, had a dinner together last week, and talked in a similar strain. It is certainly true that Japanese love Americans better than ever before, trust them more completely and appreciate more highly their sympathy and assistance.

Red Cross Nurses

The latest dramatic proof of these assertions concerns Japan's treatment of Dr. McGee and her eight nurses. They were enthusiastically welcomed and *fêted* at the capital, and their recent progress from Tokyo to Hiroshima was one continuous ovation. Okayama, for example, turned out five thousand strong at six o'clock in the morning, and gave them every possible proof of interest in their coming.

Some of *The Congregationalist's* readers may be interested to learn that the Japanese, both men and women, were tremendously impressed by the "uniform beauty," the youthful vigor and the keen alertness of these American women. Their coming has already paid for itself in the object lesson of international friendship.

Verily it is America's day to help Japan and through her the whole East. Let schools, churches, missionary boards and, above all, individuals heed this lesson and lend a hand while the day lasts.

Financial Credit

Money makes the—warships go. Japan easily negotiated at home a loan of 100,000,000 yen at five per cent. with the minimum purchase price placed at ninety-five cents on a dollar. She is now placing a second domestic loan for a similar amount at the same rate of interest and a minimum purchase price of ninety-two cents on a dollar.

But between these two attempts to raise funds at home she tried a foreign loan. The English and American *Shylocks* drove rather a sharp bargain with her agents, exacting six per cent. interest with a guarantee lien on the customs for security and such a low purchasing price that the government nets only ninety dollars on every one hundred borrowed. Now the Japanese Government deserves better credit than this even in time of war. There is severe criticism of the government for consenting to such unfavorable terms. No cabinet would dare to meet a critical not to say hostile diet on such a record were it not for the exigencies of the times and the determination of government and people to pull together till the Russian problem is settled.

Moreover, thoughtful Japanese recognize what must be acknowledged as a fact that while the prowess of her soldiers, the skill of her artisans and the learning of her scholars stand high in the world, the integrity of her merchants is yet below par. Foreigners do not trust her money dealings as they do her rifle practice or her silk embroideries. Japan has herself to thank for this distrust. She has in a number of private cases sacrificed logic to rhetoric and given an interpretation to contracts with foreigners that the cold blooded reasoning of a scientific age could not call entirely moral.

She is paying dearly for the experience but it is teaching her a lesson which she is learning rapidly. Her merchants cannot be made over in a month, but her government, her leading bankers and her ablest financiers are thoroughly reliable today and may be trusted to meet obligations on the high level of modern ethics. The rest of the nation will follow suit in due time.

The Japanese are treating their prisoners with great consideration. The officials allow them such extras as the privilege of using medicinal baths at Dogo, ten miles from their Matsuyama prison, while peasants throw fruit, cakes and cigarettes to the Russians over the back wall of the temple compound within which they are confined. More than one prisoner has remarked that if all Russians knew what a beautiful country Japan is and how kind and civilized are her people they would surrender by the thousand and many would come here to live. There are not a few such silver linings to the thunder clouds of this great Eastern war.

Okayama, Japan.

The New Congregational Association of Hawaii

At Lihue recently the Hawaiian Evangelical Association held its annual meeting. It comprises 53 Hawaiian, 13 Japanese, five Chinese, two Portuguese and six English-speaking churches—79 in all. It chose the eight delegates to the National Council to which it is entitled and one at large. I wish all these might attend, but it is too much to expect, because each will have to pay his own way or get friends to help pay it, and in our present financial condition of stress few can aid. It also nominated two candidates for corporate membership in the American Board, as requested. These are Judge Henry Kahele and Rev. S. L. Desha, two splendid specimens of Hawaiian Christian manhood.

The association remodeled its constitution on the Congregational basis, and will be an association of churches and ministers instead of a delegated body as hitherto. This was done in order to become Congregational. It also adopted the statistical year and blank of the National Council. Dr. Doremus Scudder was elected permanent corresponding secretary. Rev. O. H. Gulick considers this the greatest meeting ever held by the Evangelical Association in its long history.

D. S.

Fifteen Years in Colorado Springs

Rev. Manly D. Ormes, the first and only pastor of Second Church in Colorado Springs, Col., on June 30 closed his ministry here, which had continued fifteen years. He was ordained and installed here immediately upon graduating at Yale Seminary in 1889. Under his wise and faithful labors the church has increased from a membership of twenty to about 200. It soon became self-supporting and erected and paid for a tasteful church building and parsonage. As a member of the school board and in other capacities Mr. Ormes has rendered valuable service to the community and his departure will be widely regretted.

J. B. G.

A Bostonian at the Fair

The St. Louis Exposition from an Eastern Viewpoint

By ANABEL PARKER MCCANN

I am just beginning to "get my bearings," after having been for more than a fortnight an almost daily visitor at this greatest of expositions. It is so inclusive in its scope that it takes a little time to adjust the mind to an adequate idea of its magnitude.

To summarize impressions, the Exposition seems to be the apotheosis of industry, a glorification, as it were, of the workers of all the world. The respect felt for labor receives a profound stimulus, and one feels personal gratitude to the people in all parts of the world who have worked and thought—and perhaps dreamed—in order that beautiful things might be made, or knowledge gained and formulated, and this wonderful display of the results of human activity be made possible.

That is a wonderful dream picture—Festival Hall and the cascades, the fountains in action and the dimpling waters in the lagoon blue under the matchless Missouri sky. I cannot decide whether I like it best when the sun is shining on it or when the myriads of electric lights shed their mellow radiance over it after nightfall. But whether by day or by night the picture is so wonderful that one could hardly expect to see it duplicated. Daylight shows the beautiful vistas which stretch from every vantage point, the profusion of flowers and greenery, the columns and arches of noble architecture, the soft tones of color in the buildings and the moving picture of happy human life. The painful vision of poverty, the pathetic vision of vice never intrude themselves. There is no discordant note in the symphony of beauty.

By night a softer light is over everything. It envelops the great palaces and wraps a witching mystery over the lagoons and the throngs of happy people. But the cascades fall into their basins with a more jubilant plash. They are changed to red or green by the rows of incandescent lights shining through them, and people watch them in almost breathless delight. The everyday world slips very far away as one watches the lights and listens to the cascades and the swirl of the fountains. Now and then the lingering note of a flute or the song of some gondalier breaks into the murmur of the water. I heard a practical politician say—and we are not wont to think of the sort as sentimentalists—"This answers the popular conception of heaven, only the streets are not paved with gold."

The art galleries are a constant delight. A person need not be familiar with the technicalities of art to get keen enjoyment from seeing the paintings, the sculpture and the many beautiful objects of applied art. If one wants to see the very notable pictures in the collection he should hunt in the English section for the autumn landscape, *Chill October*, by Sir John Millais, which is valued at \$200,000; and for Menzell's *Iron-Rolling Mill* in the German section insured at \$300,000.

The Exposition can be spoken of only in superlative terms. It has the largest dynamo ever constructed and the largest pipe organ ever built. Its fire protective service is declared to be the most perfect ever installed. It gives the latest results from all sorts of observations. There are daily lectures and demonstrations concerning radium and the X-rays. It is officially conducting experiments to determine the propelling power of various kinds of steam engines, and at the other extreme is hatching various species of mosquitoes and experimenting with them. An interesting experiment is being made at the stock barns, where cattle are scientifically fed and weighed two times a day. This test is expected to show what kind of food will give the best milk.

The musical events of the fair constitute

not the least popular of its attractions. The famous bands of the world—from London, Paris, Berlin and Rome—as well as the great American bands, will be brought to St. Louis to give open-air music. In Festival Hall the greatest organists of the world will give organ recitals. Among them will be A. Guilmont. An orchestra of eighty pieces gives concerts at regular intervals in Festival Hall, and distinguished soloists from all over the world appear with it. Besides this, there are daily concerts at specified hours in several of the state buildings. The elaborateness of preparation for musical entertainment typifies the thoroughness with which plans in every department have been made.

I have not spoken of the United States Government exhibits—the mint in which souvenir dollars are coined, the post office in operation; the exhibit of the army and navy department, of the agriculture and fisheries departments, of those exhibits which appertain to matters directly bearing upon the necessities of life, of the displays showing how best to grow all the things man requires for food, the processes of cooking, the appliances for lessening household labor, the intensely interesting exhibits in The Model City, the many exhibits which show what social science is accomplishing. The only possible way for a person to gain a correct idea of this wonderful Exposition is to come and see it. He would not regret limiting his expenditures in all other directions for a long time if he had to do it in order not to miss the opportunity of visiting St. Louis before Dec. 1.

What We Might Do with the Money Spent on Warships

By LUCIA AMES MEAD

In the exhibit sent from the American Peace Society to the Exposition at St. Louis the visitor will find much food for thought. In one corner is a picture of the new battleship *Maine*, built to replace the old one that sank in half a minute in Havana Harbor, with its precious freightage of 400 souls. Beside the picture is the statement that this ship cost \$6,575,000. Few people know what one million dollars means and fewer still conceive what the price of this "*Maine*" might do for this country were it spent on building up the manhood of our people.

To make this clear, the statement is appended to the picture that its cost equals all the land and all the ninety-four buildings of Harvard University, plus all the land and all the seventy buildings of Tuskegee Institute, plus all the land and all the buildings of Hampton Institute, and enough left over to build fifty little schoolhouses! To make this statement mean something to the eye, photographs of many of the great Harvard buildings are placed beneath with panoramic views of Hampton and Tuskegee and photographs of the colored students at their work learning useful trades.

Three great factories of citizenship—Harvard, Hampton and Tuskegee—where the leaders of the white and black races are going forth each year to shape the policies of the nation, might disappear from earth and the financial loss would be no greater, so far as land and buildings are concerned, than when such a ship as the *Maine* "turns turtle" as did the great Russian ship the other day.

Every fourteen years, such a costly craft, even if it be not sunk, becomes too old for service and is withdrawn. Imagine an earthquake every fourteen years swallowing up the estates of these three institutions and leaving marsh or sea or quicksand where once they stood. Imagine what it would mean to the

American people every fourteen years to buy an equal area and to rebuild these halls, museums, chapels, libraries, dining halls, laboratories, gymnasia, professional schools and dormitories.

The last report of the United States Commissioner of Education states that there are 6,000,000 illiterates over ten years old in this country. From this class a large proportion of our criminals are recruited and the tramps and paupers who drain society. Even of the literate the vast majority never gets so much as a grammar school education in this most favored and prosperous land.

President Eliot declares that people must give ten times as much for education as we are giving. Despite large endowments to colleges the shameful and startling fact remains that the average woman school teacher in this rich country earns only \$270 a year, about half of the wages of a street cleaner. Until this is remedied, poverty, shiftlessness and crime, due to neglect of childhood, are far more a menace to us than the navy of any foreign nation. That menace we could paralyze tomorrow by signing arbitration treaties would the people but command their servants in the Senate.

Will not our clergy from time to time speak to their people such words as the Prince of Peace might utter were he speaking in their stead? Will they not ask them which defense our nation now stands most in need of—more cannon or more character, more bombs or more brains, more battleships or more schools? Will they not tell them that during the last century when two hundred and fifty international difficulties were settled by arbitration not one of the two hundred and fifty defeated parties to it broke their pledge to abide by the decision of the courts? No safer guarantee could the cynic and skeptic ask for to insure immunity from war, when once a nation's word is pledged, than this magnificent record.

National Council Delegates

DES MOINES, IO., OCT. 13-20

(Ninth List)

Archer, F. K., Honolulu, H. T.
 Arn, Rev. Arthur J., New Lisbon, Wis.
 Beard, Rev. William S., Durham, N. H.
 Blake, Rev. Henry A., Rochester, N. H.
 Brown, Deacon Julius, South Hadley, Mass.
 Crawford, Rev. Sidney, Provincetown, Mass.
 Desha, Rev. S. L., Hilo, H. T.
 Douglass, Rev. H. Paul, Springfield, Mo.
 Elliott, Rev. S. G., Aurora, Mo.
 Ellis, Rev. Walter M., Endeavor, Wis.
 Hillman, Rev. Alfred T., Concord, N. H.
 Jones, Hon. P. C., Honolulu, H. T.
 Kabele, Judge H. K., Lihue, H. T.
 Kalino, Rev. J., Pala, H. T.
 Lane, Rev. J. W., North Hadley, Mass.
 McConnell, Rev. J. E., Northfield, Minn.
 Noble, Rev. F. A., Phillips, Me.
 Okuba, Rev. S., Honolulu, H. T.
 Roper, Rev. C. Fremont, Winchester, N. H.
 Scudder, Rev. Doremus, Honolulu, H. T.
 Sutherland, Rev. William L., Great Bend, Kan.
 Westervelt, Rev. W. D., Honolulu, H. T.
 Wheelock, R., Austin, Minn.
 Wilcox, Mrs. A. S., Lihue, H. T.
 Wray, Rev. A. K., Carthage, Mo.

Biographical

REV. JOHN WEBSTER DODGE

Mr. Dodge, who died in Newburyport, Mass., June 17, graduated from Andover in 1860 and was soon after called to Gardiner, Me. He afterwards preached in Northboro and Yarmouth, Mass., and Hampton, N. H. He was then called back to Yarmouth, and remained twenty-three years. He came to Newburyport, his native place, after his retirement from his pastorate, and has been one of the most helpful members of the North Church for the past eleven years. He was also prominent in many benevolent societies, being a trustee of the Putnam Free School, the Homeopathic Hospital, the Merriam Bible Society, and other organizations. He was president of the Y. M. C. A., the Associated Charities and the City Improvement Society. He gave his strength and aid to many needy enterprises. He leaves a widow and two daughters.

The Home and Its Outlook

BORAX is not good to eat. No one who has tasted it uncompounded ever imagined that it was. Yet the can-

Is Borax
Good to Eat

ners and preservers have tried to persuade us that it is an agreeable and wholesome, or at least not harmful, or, in the last resort, a necessary ingredient of their goods. The Department of Agriculture took the question in hand two years ago and induced twenty young men in good health in Government employ to submit themselves to systematic tests with these preserved "goods." The "Poison Squad," as they were called, were boarded at Government expense in pleasant quarters, under the control of Dr. Wiley, the chief chemist of the department and his assistants, who weighed out the food and observed the results. The outcome of the long experiment seems to establish beyond question the fact that the continued introduction of minute quantities of borax into the human stomach results in unmistakable injury to health. One or two of the young men were so seriously affected that, by their physician's advice, they withdrew from the experiment. In others, the continued use of these small quantities of borax resulted in occasional periods of loss of appetite, bad feeling, fullness in the head and distress in the stomach. The department is still experimenting with salicylic acid and will go on to test other chemical preservatives used with food.

Making Memories

BY GRACE FIELD GOODWIN

He is a gray-haired man now, with children of his own, and the favorite story begins this way, "When Daddy was a little, little boy, his father gave him a whole big barrel of apples."

Something in the words worked a magic spell. The small audience was forgotten. Back in the past, a generous-hearted little lad and his father from whom that nature was inherited, were concocting their delightful plan. The boy should have a barrel of apples all his own to give away just as he pleased to the other boys on the street. There were no restrictions; they were his apples, of which he need give no accounting. The man has given away, since then, many things more valuable than apples, given them freely, gladly, but if you will watch his face as he begins the story, you will be very sure that there is no brighter spot in his memory than that which reveals a "little, little boy" to whom his father gave "a whole big barrel of apples."

Did the father guess that he was making memories for the man? Perhaps not, for the boy was such a little boy! Nevertheless, all unconsciously he had chosen the best time for his indelible impression; reason and judgment were still dormant; love and sensibility were awake.

The brief period between four and seven is for most people crowded with memories, broken fragments of childhood's long vanished rainbow dream. Out of that far past will start a dear face that beams on you the good tidings that another little child has come to be your brother, your sister; no child ever forgets

the first contact with the mystery of new life. Out of that far past will glow the warmth of a summer afternoon, so fragrant with roses that your very heart ached for the joy of it; out of that far past will come again the slippery feeling of a tear-wet cheek on a horse-hair sofa when some one sang:

Father, dear father come home with me now
The clock in the steeple strikes one.

And the choke in the throat—

For mother's been waiting since tea
With dear little Charley—

(Was it Charley or Bennie or what?)

asleep in her arms,
And no one to help her but me.

It was not your reason or your judgment which from out that dim childhood holds your heart today; your father's face came before you many times after that in

The Unfailing Love

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

I read in the dear old chapters,
In times when weary grown,
Of the Love that never faileth
To find and bless its own.
And sweet are the words with comfort
As through the land I go,
For what the Father has promised
He will make good, I know.

No matter what ills betide us
Here in the lower land,
We may turn from the cares that vex us
And find the comforting hand.
We can lean on the love unfailing
Like an arm that is strong and true,
And feel it is sure and steadfast
The whole long journey through.

O Love so like a fountain
The summers cannot dry,
You fall on the hearts grown weary
Like rain from a pitying sky.
Refreshed by the gentle shower
All trustfully we say,
The Love that has failed us never
Will follow us all the way.

ways which have left a deeper impression; afternoons have been more glorious, roses more fragrant; you have learned to speak of the "pathetic fallacy" in poetry and administer cold water to sentiment.

What was astir in your childish breast was all that makes childhood beautiful and fills it with the vividest memories of all our lives—the emotional nature, awake and responsive.

The tender heart of a child is open to love, to imagination, to religious feeling and to an uncomprehended devotion to the beautiful. The faces you remember best were full of love for you, of pride in you, to which your own love leaped like answering flame to flame. It was imagination that was aroused when the little Mamilius whispers to Hermione, "There was a man dwelt by a churchyard." What wonder he says, "Bend closer," such shuddering mysteries must be awesomely spoken.

Pierre Loti, in his *Romance of a Child*, tells of the crude drawings which he made on transparent paper of the Happy Duck and the Unhappy Duck. "For the Happy Duck I had drawn at the bottom

of the picture a little house, and near the fowl itself a fat good woman feeding it. The Unhappy Duck, on the contrary, swam alone, abandoned, on a kind of misty sea, where in the distance one perceived the outlines of a gloomy shore. The thin paper, torn from some book, was printed on the reverse side, and the letters and lines, showing through its transparency in grayish spots, unexpectedly produced upon my mind the impression of clouds in the sky; and so that little sketch, more unformed than a schoolboy's scrawl upon a blackboard, took suddenly for me a frightful profoundness and, aided by the twilight, grew into a vision, fading away in the distance like the pale surface of the sea, and today, after so many years have passed, I can recall it just as it appeared to me then, transfigured."

What man or woman of us all cannot recall such moments of mystery, such glimpses through the open door of imagination into the griefs and joys that lie at the heart of the world.

It was a child of four who thinks back today to the shivering ecstasy with which small ears listened to the scholarly father as he paced back and forth reciting the thunder roll of the "*Dies iræ, dies illa*." Not that it meant anything, only it opened doors in the mind that dreams might enter.

And another little child buries her head as she says, "Jesus, tender Shepherd," because the words, "Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me," make her tremble for joy, and she says softly, "Don't you love beautiful words?"

When she is older, should she hear this again, do you not think she will recall her earliest sense of that loveliness which Beers expressed in *Carcemon* when he says,

Like sweet new wine within the mouth
The small soft words.

As early as the other emotional phases the religious instinct awakes; can you recall, as the sparrows were twittering in the eaves of the church, and the minister read, "See the sparrow hath found an house, the swallow a nest for herself where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God"—can you recall how there swept over you the recognition which you have never lost, of the tenderness and nearness of that great Lord of Hosts, God and King—yet Father, too? If these things are so, is there nothing else to say?

What of the little years that cluster about us now, about mothers and fathers who in busy unconsciousness are making indelible memories for other men and women?

Had Goethe's child-mother, with her little boy in her arms as she told him the nightly fanciful tales, nothing to do with that Goethe whom the world claims?

And those of us who watch our children may not be training poets save in embryo, but we are surely making with our five and six and seven-year-olds, the memories which may have power some day to turn the feet of weary men and women back to the flower-set paths of a sunny childhood.

Nick and Nan and the Minister

BY RUTH RUSSELL JENNISON

It was the spring after my graduation and the monotony of Brookville, following my busy, gay life at college was almost unbearable. I was the only grown up young person in the village, for the grocer's boy, who chewed gum on all occasions, really didn't count. There were no poor people to help, for every one in Brookville "lived on his income"; and the place was so horribly healthy that there wasn't a single sick person to whom I could carry soup and jellies as girls in the story-books do. I was really getting desperate for something to do.

When I came home from a long tramp one bright afternoon, I found little mother, who is usually serene and placid, in quite a state of excitement. Dr. Felton, our minister, had been to call, and with him was a young minister from New York. (Mother always had a fondness for young ministers.) This one had a parish in one of the poor districts of the city and had come to Brookville at Dr. Felton's invitation to persuade us good people to open our hearts and homes to some fresh air children that summer.

"He wants one family to take two or three at a time—so they won't get lonesome, you know—and let them stay two weeks. I knew you wouldn't mind, so I told him we would take two the first of July. It will be a comfort to have it over before dog days and pickling time." Mother is so practical.

At church next Sunday, on the platform beside Dr. Felton sat a young man. Now I am very critical when it comes to young men, but I had to acknowledge that this one was remarkably good-looking.

"That's the fresh-air man," whispered Mother. "Do you suppose he's going to preach?"

The fresh-air man didn't preach—he talked—and a stirring experience it was to us accustomed to listen to the prosy, polished discourses of dear old Dr. Felton. He told us of the work in New York, and the need to bring a little sunshine to those poor morsels of humanity born in the slums. He asked all who were willing to help to give him their names at the close of the service, and almost every one did, even Mrs. Jenkins, who has the finest house in town, as well as the greatest reputation for stinginess. I am sorry for the children that go there.

Dear little mother was crying softly and hurried me off home. We had a long talk that afternoon, and toward evening I was sent down to tell the young minister that we would begin at once and take two children every two weeks until the last of September.

Five months! twenty children! My wish for an active life was surely to be granted. I was of the opinion that Mother had no idea of what she was undertaking. She had never had any experience with children except me and I was a model in every way.

The young minister seemed to realize this, too (I mean the responsibility of the undertaking), and thought it necessary to walk home with me and talk with Mother. But her enthusiasm was not to be chilled, and on the next Thursday Nick and Nan, two little orphans, appeared.

Nick was a character. Mother called

him Nicholas, but I considered the other much more appropriate. I thought that I was fairly well posted in slang, for cousin Bob had visited us at Christmas time, but even Bob would have grown green with envy at Nick's collection.

Little Nan was delicate, and the frightened look in her big, hollow, gray eyes opened Mother's heart at once. As soon as she got over her shyness she became Mother's shadow, and a happier child you would never wish to see.

It was the last of April when they came, and the whole country was fairly quivering with springtime joy. On two sides the orchard slopes down and it was a perfect fairyland of pale, feathery green and rosy white. Near the house is mother's flower garden, where every spring she has such quantities of fragrant hyacinths, gay tulips and all the other early flowers.

I am fond of all these, but the place I like better is around at the north of the house, where in the dim coolness is the wild flower garden father and mother made when they were first married. There are all sorts of shy, delicate plants brought from the woods, and they seem to thrive wonderfully so near civilization. How I love to watch them peep out and unfold in the early spring. There are different kinds of ferns—queer little curled up things at first, but containing possibilities of such stately beauty. Then there are violets, deep and pale blue, white and yellow; the purple wake-robin and sturdy "jacks," the delight of my younger days.

Little Nan accepted all the wonders about her in satisfied rapture, and never thought of asking why and how. But Nick, who considered the place "too slow for any use," on the second morning condescended to inquire what was the matter with all our trees, that they didn't have any apples on them.

I seized the opportunity and dragged Master Nick off for a botany lesson. Mother had given him up to me at once, for to her the boy as well as his language was utterly incomprehensible. Once aroused, what questions that boy did ask! And how I did work! Every day I took him off on long tramps, trying to make him understand and appreciate the wonders we discovered. My early training with Cousin Bob did me good service. He used to live near us, and I was always the companion of his explorations, so I knew the country pretty thoroughly.

But Nick surprised me with so many questions that had never occurred to me and I sat up late at night trying to prepare for the next day's catechism. I got some help from my books on scientific points, but I realized that the needful things in dealing with Nick were common sense, patience and love.

The two weeks were almost over when mother said: "I can't let Nan go back to that dreadful place just yet. See how plump she is growing. Another two weeks will do wonders. Can you get along with Nicholas? He really seems to be improving." I agreed that Nicholas was improving. He had said, "Please, Miss Frances," twice that day without my assistance. There was certainly cause for rejoicing.

So the Rev. Theodore Marston was notified to reserve his second installment

and Nick and Nan were told. Little Nan at once trudged off to tell the kittens all about it, while Nick made a flat failure in trying to appear sorry that his return to the gay metropolis was postponed.

The next two weeks did wonders for Nick and I was forced to believe that somewhere, hidden down deep, there were the possibilities of a soul. So when mother, with an apologetic air, proposed a further extension of time, I felt it my duty to submit.

And that is the way it went. Every two weeks I had to write a letter to the Rev. Theodore (mother can't endure writing letters) and of course he had to answer them to be polite. So by the first of July, when he arrived in Brookville with a whole carful of pale, little waifs, the minister and I felt quite well acquainted. He stayed a week, it was all the vacation he could have, poor man, so Nick and I took pity on him and let him share our expeditions. Nick considered him a "brick," and I thought that for a minister he did very well. And somehow our walks seemed a little lonely after he went back to New York.

When September came Mother pleaded that the children might stay till spring. That they might see a whole year of real country life was her excuse. I grew very stern. "Mother, these children must go back and go to school."

"Frances (she usually calls me dearie), I have spent a great deal of money on your education, and if you don't know enough to teach two little children to read and spell, I am ashamed of you!" That settled it. Nick and Nan stayed, and we had glorious times that fall and winter. Nick begged so hard that the minister might come on for Christmas, that Mother wrote and invited him. He could not leave his poor people then, but he came for a week in January.

And somehow he persuaded me that my talents were being wasted in Brookville since the reformation of Nick was completed, and I promised to go to New York in the spring. So when April came and the whole country was fresh and fair with life beginning, I said "Good-by" and went away where the "fields were white already to harvest."

And Nick and Nan? O, they stayed with Mother.

Pity for Motherhood

How does the world not know that pity debases motherhood? Did Pericles need consolation for making Athens the glory of the world? Did Michael Angelo need to be consoled for lying two years upon his back on a scaffolding while painting the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel? Did Raphael want consolation for the labor which produced his divine Madonna? Biography does not pity these men. It counts their toil as only so much added to their glory. Can the artist compare with the mother in richness of the material worked upon, in possibilities for what may be wrought, in never-ceasing exercise of all best human powers, in the companionship with what is pure and deep and high and true? Why this morbid pity for her? It is because there is no serious belief in motherhood, as there is none in peace and none in marriage. "Hurrah for war!" they cry. "Is marriage a failure?" they ask. The world glorifies war, jokes about marriage or deprecates it, and talks of motherhood as if it were a form of slavery.—From Mrs. Jane Dearborn Mills's *The Mother-Artist*.

For the Children

A Little Mathematician

"Eight long furlongs I've gone to-day!"
With evident pride said Ethel May.

"Three hundred and twenty rods, you know,
Is what I've been"—'twas brother Joe.

"One thousand, seven hundred and sixty—
true!
So many yards I've walked," said Prue.

"Five thousand, two hundred and eighty feet
I've gone," said Ben, "and it can't be beat!"

"Pooh!" laughed Ted, with a knowing smile,
"You've only gone, each one, a mile!"

—*Adelbert Farrington Caldwell, in Barefoot Time.*

Karl and the Dryad

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

PART I.

Once upon a time there was a lad named Karl who lived with his father and mother in a little village of the Flat Land. Karl was a big fellow, tall and yellow-haired. But all his strength was in his long, lean body. There was none in his poor head. Karl was the village simpleton.

Poor Karl! His life was a sorry one. He was despised and jeered at by the whole village. The children followed and tormented him at every chance, because he could not learn at school; the grown folk were a little kinder, but nudged one another and made jokes about him when he came to the market place. Even the cur-dogs followed and barked at him; but they knew no better. They were cruel folk, those dwellers in the Flat Land.

Karl's own parents were the unkindest of all. They did not love their son nor pity his wretchedness, but were ashamed because he was so simple. They were angry, too, because in their poverty he could not help them earn a living. For there seemed little indeed that poor Karl could learn to do, he was so very simple. His parents were continually telling him how useless he was in this workaday world.

"O, you stupid fellow!" they would sometimes say, driving him out of the house with blows of broom or stick. "O, you great good-for-nothing, sitting here and eating our bread without doing aught to pay for it! Were ever parents troubled with so worthless a son? Other folk have bright boys and girls who will grow up to do some good in the world and be a credit to their parents. But you will always be a big, overgrown baby for us to take care of. Bah! Karl, we are tired of seeing you about!"

With the tears streaming down his face poor Karl would shuffle out of the mean little cottage where they lived, the most unhappy boy in the whole wide world.

There was one place whither Karl loved to go at such times, the only place where he was sure of finding rest and quiet and a friend. In a corner of the village was a little wood; a rare sight in the Flat Land, where trees grew but sparsely. Few other persons ever came here, for the folk of the country cared little about rest or quiet, and nothing at all for the beauty of nature. They were quite satisfied with the look of their clean-shaven country, their smooth lawns and geometrical canals, their straight, shapeless roads, curbed neatly on either hand. It had never occurred to them to plant trees for beauty and shade and for the other good things which trees offer. The little wood had grown quite by accident, and no one cared anything about it. But Karl loved the lonely, pretty place, and especially the great oak, the only oak in the whole Flat Land. It was so big, so sturdy

and yet withal so gentle when it stretched its great limbs protectingly over his wretchedness, giving the comfort of its shade and coolness to refresh him in his troubles. It was Karl's only friend.

One hot, sunny day came upon the Flat Land, and it seemed to be Karl's evil day. In the morning a rout of children and dogs chased him through the village, pelting him with bad eggs and fruit, and with stones, too. They chased him until the school bell rang, when he escaped; for Karl did not go to school, he was too simple. When he returned home, breathless, bruised and weary, scarcely able to speak from fright and exhaustion, his father beat him because he could not tell where he had been all the morning. Poor Karl! There was no part of the whole town where he had not been in that dreadful chase. But he had no words to explain this to his parents; so his cruel father punished him, and his mother drove him out without his dinner.

More wretched than ever before, Karl fled to his refuge, the little wood, and flung himself down on the greensward beneath the giant oak tree. He buried his face in the cool, soft moss and cried as though his heart would break.

"Poor fool! Poor fool!" he wailed. "Poor Karl, good for nothing!"

While he lay thus, sobbing aloud and filling the cups of moss with his tears, he heard a heavy tread approaching. Glancing up fearfully—for he had no hope to meet a friendly face, since none in all the world had ever smiled upon him—he saw a Farmer approaching with a great axe over his shoulder.

"Hullo, there!" cried the Farmer when he spied Karl under the tree. "You Simpleton, you'd better get up. I am going to cut down that tree."

"Cut down my tree!" gasped Karl, and he began to tremble. Was he to lose his only friend? What should he do?

"Your tree!" jeered the Farmer. "Poor Fool, I never knew that you owned anything, even your senses. The tree is mine, with the land on which it grows and acres on every hand. I am going to cut down the tree to make firewood for next winter. That is all trees are good for."

"O, don't do that!" begged Karl, spreading out his arms as if to protect the tree. "I will not let you do it!"

"Ho, ho!" laughed the Farmer. "How will you prevent it, Fool? And what is the tree to you, anyway?"

"The only big tree there is anywhere!" sobbed Karl. "The only shade, the only safe, quiet, cool place in the whole world! O Man, do not cut down the tree. You cannot make another."

The Farmer had lifted his axe to strike, but now he paused and rested it on the ground. Karl's last words had struck him with a new thought. "The Fool speaks a word of wisdom," he growled to himself. "It is easier to cut down a tree like this than to make another. The acorn which I might plant today would become no such tree in my lifetime—nor in that of my son or my grandson or my great-grandson, for that matter. Fool, I will think it over (the more fool I, 'tis likely). I will spare your tree—ha, ha—for a time. I can cut it down whenever I like. But as you say, I cannot soon grow another. My folly bids yours good day, Fool."

Shouldering his ax the Farmer trudged half-sulkily away. Then Karl fell to sobbing again, but this time with joy that his tree was to be saved. He flung his arm around the great trunk and pressed his lips against the rough bark, kissing it again and again. Suddenly he heard a sharp crack in the tree; another and another, as if the bark were being ripped away. He started up in a fright and stood back from the tree, wondering what was happening to his old friend.

A long split in the side of the tree grew wider and wider. A door was opening in the trunk! Karl stood gazing at this amazing sight, when out from the dark entrance stepped a figure most wonderful to see. It was a lovely maiden, dressed all in brown, the color of the tree bark. About her head was twined a wreath of green oak leaves and acorns, and in her hand she carried a wand, made from a branch of the tree. She was a Dryad, the Spirit whose home was the old oak tree; but Karl was too simple to know that. He merely stood staring at the beautiful stranger, too much surprised even to close his poor foolish mouth, which hung wide open.

The Dryad smiled sweetly at the lad and said, "Thanks, kind friend, for saving my tree. I heard your wise words to the cruel Farmer, and brave you were to speak them. Now what can I do to make you happy, as we Dryads love to make happy him who does kindness to our sheltering trees?"

Poor Karl did not understand how he had saved the tree. He only knew that for some reason the cruel Farmer had suddenly changed his mind and gone away. As little did he now understand why the Dryad thanked him. But he did hear the kindness of her voice, and knew that she offered him aid.

"O, can you help me, beautiful Person?" he cried, clasping his hands eagerly and looking at her with tears in his eyes.

"Indeed, I will help you all I can, kind lad," said the Dryad, waving her wand and taking a step towards him. "Tell me about your trouble."

Then Karl told the Dryad all the sorrow of his life. How he was foolish and of no use, a burden to his parents and a disgrace to the town; how all the village, even the little children and the cur-dogs, hated and despised him; how unhappy and lonesome he was.

"O fair Stranger," said Karl as he finished the sad little tale, "I am only a poor simpleton, and I can never do anything good or great. But if you could only teach me how to do some little thing that will be of use to the world, so that I shall not always be hated and despised even by the little children and dogs of the village, I should be so very happy! Will you do this, dear Tree-Maiden?"

The Dryad looked at him pityingly, and the tears stood in her own brown eyes when she heard his wish. "Poor boy," she said, and her voice was very sweet. "You ask nothing for yourself, neither riches nor happiness nor even wisdom. You ask only to be taught how your simplicity may be of some use to the world which has treated you so unkindly. Some would call it a foolish wish. But I say, O Karl, that it is not foolishness. Twice today you have spoken wisely, lad."

The Dryad looked up into the tree under which they stood; she looked down upon the ground; then she glanced around and about, thinking hard for Karl's sake. And at last she spoke again.

"Remember the words which you spoke today when the Farmer raised his axe. You told him that he could not make another such tree; and those words saved this great oak. You were right, Karl. And he was right when he agreed that the acorn which he might plant today would not become like this king of trees in his lifetime nor in that of his son or his grandson or his great-grandson. Yet the acorn which you plant will grow, and its shade, its beauty, its greenness will one day equal this. Though you may never see it, the world will be the better for your deed, and future generations will bless you for it. This shall be your task, my Karl, to fare forth upon a lifelong pilgrimage and plant as you go the blessed trees which shall shelter the generations that come after you. Thus the Flat Land will become famous for all time as the place of happy wayfaring."

Now poor Karl understood not one word of all this which the Dryad had so prettily spoken, save that he was to go away. But this thought he seized eagerly.

"I am to go away," he cried. "When, dear Maiden, and where?"

"You must go tonight," answered the Dryad, waving her wand. "See, the shadows are already falling. You will not be missed nor sought for this night. You must take a sack of acorns on your shoulders. See, where they lie all about under the tree, ready for your hand. And look! I will take this green mantle which I wear and make a sack to hold your burden. Take it, Karl, and fill it with the gift of your old friend, the oak."

Karl did as she showed him, and presently he had the long, soft sack filled with brown acorns. Then the Dryad gave him a lesson in planting. She showed him how to dig a little

hole for the acorn and cover it with mold; and, though Karl was so simple, he learned the lesson readily, for he had a loving teacher. Then the Dryad told him how he must walk a hundred paces from the planting of one acorn before he turned earth to cover the next.

"Now, Karl, you shall go forth," she said, "from village to village wherever your thought may lead, planting acorns on either side of the way. And if any one asks you why you do this, tell him the story of this day and of my word to you. And I warrant you will need no other pence to pay for food or a bed whenever you may need them. Do not forget this story, Karl. Do not forget."

"I am a simpleton," said Karl humbly, "yet I shall never forget this day's happenings nor your words to me. But shall I indeed be doing something for the world's good?"

"Indeed and indeed you will, I promise you," said the Dryad. "And now, farewell. The night is falling. It is time you started on your journey."

Thereupon she helped him to place the great sack of acorns upon his shoulders, and with a wave of the wand started him forth upon his pilgrimage. Smiling with joy to think that at last he was about to be of some use in the world, Karl bent his long frame under the heavy burden and trudged out of the little wood. When he reached the highroad he turned to wave a last farewell to the Dryad. But already she had retreated into her tree cell, closing the door behind her so tightly that one would never know where it had opened. It was to his friend, the great oak, alone that Karl bade his last good-by.

[To be continued.]

A Case of Sardines

A STORY OF THE MAINE COAST

BY CHARLES POOLE CLEAVES

CHAPTER XXVI. OVER THE SEA

A poor man served by thee will made thee rich;
A sick man served by thee will make thee strong;
Thou shalt thyself be served by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.

—E. B. Browning.

"Do you know of the mines at Winter Hill in Nova Scotia? My home was there. Father was a physician. There was also mother and my brother Carl and grandmother—father's mother, who was born in Germany. The members of her family were musical, and years ago, at her old German home, she taught singing. We were all fond of music. Sunday afternoons, and many other times, we spent in song.

"As grandmother grew old she missed the German friends who had lived and died near us at Winter Hill. She began to grow lonely. She longed for German songs and German voices. Sometimes she said if she could go back to the fatherland she could sing again.

"The mines did not always prosper, and there was a great deal of sickness in the miners' families. Father was not wealthy. He was so kind-hearted he would not press the miners for money. But at home he used to speak of his own poverty, and it troubled me when I was a child. He had fine tastes; so had mother. He wanted what we couldn't have, and used to speak of what he might do for my voice if he had money. But almost as often he would speak in the same way of what he might do for some neighbor.

"When the mines closed many of the people moved away. Some of them scattered about the States. Some came to the sardine-shops. I was sixteen. Father announced one day that grandmother should go to Germany; that we would all go. It should be our one great vacation, he said. We would visit those who had often urged him to come, and the old scenes of grandmother's stories, and she should hear her heart's content of German song.

"O, it was delightful! We found so many friends! They had known grandmother and loved her—many people younger than she, whom she taught to sing before she married and went to America with grandfather. None of them were people of wealth. But they were people with royal, loyal hearts, and father declared he had half a mind to settle in Germany. You should have seen grandmother close her eyes and smile when she listened to old German songs. There were six months of those days."

Nan's face grew quiet and thoughtful with an expression of solemnity more akin to tranquil joy than sorrow.

"One Sunday night while we were at service at the old Lutheran church and the chorus was singing 'Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott,' grandmother passed away. It was good of God to take her from song to song!

"Then Carl was hurt. We took him to the hospital in the city. It was not far away and some of us visited him daily. One day I went alone. I had been singing to him and when I came away I strayed into the emergency ward. There was a man, an American, I thought, lying in one of the beds with a hot, flushed face and restless, lonely eyes. I forgot where I was or what I was doing, I wanted so much to touch him! And when I put my hand on his face and tried to brush out the wrinkles as I used to from grandmother's forehead, he burst into tears.

"He reached for my hand and held it, as if he was afraid I would leave him. He was too sick to talk. After a time he dropped my hand, asked me to come again, and closed his eyes as if he wanted to rest. So I went away.

"After that when I visited Carl I used to go and stand by this man's bed and talk with him and smooth his hair and forehead. Father watched me from the door when he was with me, but he was thinking of grandmother's death and of Carl, and said the man needed me, not him. And the man asked so many questions! It was as if he must have something to think about besides himself.

"I'm afraid I told him all the family secrets," she laughed. "I told him what a lot of good father had done at Winter Hill, and how gloomy he felt sometimes because he had not money enough to do more for his family and for others, and how I wanted to learn to make money to do good. When I told him that, he closed his eyes with a peculiar 'Uh!'"

Nan was watching me closely.

"That was Tom Morgan!" I cried.

"Yes! He told me his name. Then one day when he was quite strong he said:

"Little girl, you and your father are right, and wrong, too. The world will be better for all you can do. But when you try to get much money, even to do good, you will be feeling for something hard, and those little fingers will lose their soft touch. Your father's patients love him because he is poor, like themselves, and does all he can. If you try to make money do the work you can do, it will never be done. And you cannot do with money what you can do with yourself. Go and see Carl, and send your father to me."

"Father and Dr. Morgan—at that time I did not know he was a doctor—had a long talk. I have never learned what was said. But when I came back from Carl's room father was thanking him, and telling him to do as he wished; and both looked much pleased. Father went out and Dr. Morgan took my hand.

"I am going away tomorrow, Nan," he said. "I'm a pretty sound man now, and it's time to travel. It's been good for me to be here. Now, look! I want you to give people what money cannot buy, as you did to me. You are going to Herr Schönberg for your voice. I will help you do for others what I cannot do."

"He explained how he had arranged for father to stay for hospital work and study. It was one of father's old dreams! He should

realize and enjoy it, and when he wished to go back to Nova Scotia or elsewhere to practice, his life would count more in real help to other lives.

"Uh!" he said; 'money can't do it; he can!'

"There is not much more. He asked me when I thought of him, sometimes, to pray, and not to think of his money, but of him and of the good my voice was to do. When I asked him *how* and *where* he looked at me with his odd little eyes and shook his head. 'Somehow, somewhere, sometime,' he said; 'don't ask me! You'll find the place. Didn't you find my bedside?'

"Those were beautiful years. Father grew younger with his study and hospital work. Mother was always happy and Carl enjoyed the boys and the German school. We missed grandmother, but mother thought so much about her and we talked so much about music and the songs grandmother liked that mother, born in Dundee, grew like her! I wonder if there is any difference between a warm Scotch heart and a warm German heart?

"I sometimes wondered if Doctor Morgan did not tell father more about himself. But there were only two things that reminded us of him: Herr Schönberg always passed me my music charges in a written receipt; and the overflow work promised father at his room in the hospital never failed.

"Doctor Morgan—you knew him, Doctor Dee! How strange!"

She was lingering dreamily over the story, as if the old scenes were real, vivified by the opportunity to tell the tale. She passed her hand over her forehead and gazed out over the sea, where the fishboats were gently rocking on the long, smooth swell, the reflection of the masts broken and quivering like the brighter reflection of the moon. The hand hid her face from me and her voice deepened.

"Then—father died. That is all. Carl and mother are at St. Botolph's. I am here."

"But I was told that your parents live in Annapolis Valley."

"It is not so," she said. "It is my cousin's family. I visit them. It isn't worth while to talk much about one's self. Let people think what they choose so long as we do right."

"I am remembering Doctor Morgan's wish. It seemed odd to prepare for something that had no name. But after father died and our grief was hard I saw how common it was, and learned that sorrow is not always a good reason for being sad. I was born happy. I did not want to become sad and selfish without knowing it."

We sat in the beautiful stillnesses of thought and of night and watched the tide climbing slowly over the kelp-strewn rocks until the floods of sea and moonlight seemed meeting and blending in a full tide of companionship; and my own thought was drifting out so fast along its new, strange channels that there was no desire for speech.

[To be continued.]

The Conflict of the Gods*

By Rev. A. E. Dunning

The next two lessons contrast the history of Israel with that of Judah. Israel departed from Jehovah under the lead of Jeroboam, and Judah, through appealing to Jehovah for help, defeated Israel with great slaughter. The story of this defeat is told in the Chronicles, but not in the books of the Kings. [See 2 Chron. 13.] Asa, the great grandson of Solomon, came to the throne of Judah, and his prosperous reign was due to his faithfulness to Jehovah. Some part of his history is briefly told in 1 Kings 15: 9-22. A more extended account is given in 2 Chron. 14-16. He destroyed idols, brought the people to seek Jehovah anew, fortified the frontier cities and organized a great army. By reliance on Jehovah Asa won a mighty victory over an Ethiopian army a million strong [2 Chron. 14: 9-15]. Encouraged by a prophet, he still further cleansed the land of idols and turned the hearts of his people to Jehovah, and in consequence he won many of the people of Israel to return to Judah [15: 9]. He made the whole nation pledge loyalty to Jehovah, and to kill every one who did not seek him [vs. 12-13]. He dethroned his mother because she persisted in being an idolater [v. 16]. He purchased an alliance with Syria against Israel by sending to the king of Syria the treasures of the temple; as a result Israel was defeated and its king compelled to stop building fortifications he had begun, while Asa came and took the materials and fortified his own towns against Israel. For this alliance he was rebuked by a prophet who foretold that he should have wars the rest of his life. In his anger he imprisoned the prophet and treated some of his people cruelly [16: 10]. He died of gout in the fortieth year of his reign, and had a great funeral [16: 12-14].

That the history is not altogether accurate may be seen by comparing the account of Kings with that of Chronicles. We are told that the land was quiet for ten years during Asa's reign [2 Chron. 14: 1, 6], and that there was war between Asa and Baasha king of Israel all their days [1 Kings 15: 15]. We are told that the heart of Asa was perfect with Jehovah all his days [1 Kings 15: 14], yet that he had displeased Jehovah and would be punished for it [2 Chron. 16: 9]. The object of the history is plainly not to give a full account of the facts of Asa's reign, but to show the value of

III. THE WORSHIP OF JEHOVAH REVIVED IN ISRAEL

After the division of the kingdom waves of idolatry swept over the kingdom of Judah. Altars, obelisks and Asherim sprang up throughout the land, and worship became polluted [1 Kings 14: 22-24]. Rehoboam's son followed in his father's footsteps [15: 3]. But when Asa, the grandson, came to the throne, he inaugurated a great revolution of righteousness. The process by which his work was done included:

1. *The destruction of means of temptation to evil.* He set himself to remove high places and altars to foreign gods, to break down the pillars to heathen divinities and to hew down the wooden Asherim. It would appear from a hasty reading of the records that he destroyed all these evil things at a blow. But more careful study shows that this was a life task and that it was never fully accomplished. He made an attempt to cleanse the land of idols, which partially succeeded [2 Cor. 14: 2, 3]. He renewed the attempt in after years under the encouragement of a prophet [15: 8]. He removed his mother from her place as queen because she clung to idolatry [15: 16]. Still the roots of wickedness remained [v. 17], and when after his death his son Jehoshaphat came to the throne, he found that the same work had to be done over again [17: 6].

2. *The creation of incentives to righteousness.* To destroy evil things and stop with that is to expose people to dangers greater than before [Matt. 12: 43-45]. Asa would have done mischief to Judah if he had only deprived the people of their places and means of idol worship. But instead of these things he commanded them to seek the true God. He held Jehovah up before them as the God of their fathers and appealed to their patriotism to be loyal to him. He caused the law of God to be explained to them and had them taught how to obey it [14: 4].

This, too, was a long process. It in-

cluded not merely preaching and teaching services, but the inculcation of truth in all the experience of life. The king organized industry, built cities and fortified them, set the people to work everywhere and organized a great army for their defense. He showed them that they owed their peace and prosperity to their loyalty to God [14: 6-8]. When a vast Ethiopian army came against them, Asa was ready to meet it and he was careful to impress on the people that their victory was not theirs but the triumph of Jehovah whom they served, over their foes [14: 11, 12]. The teaching of the prophet impressed on them the truth that to seek Jehovah was to prosper, that to forsake him was to court disaster [15: 1-7].

To all these other things the king added great public religious meetings which attracted such attention that multitudes came from the neighboring kingdom of Israel and seeing their devotion to Jehovah, cast in their lot with them. He brought their interest to a practical result by entering into a solemn covenant to seek and to serve Jehovah. The blessings which came to them in consequence ennobled their characters, increased their possessions, strengthened their country and assured to them peace [15: 15].

All this was not accomplished by any sudden command, or magic or miracle. It was the result of the devoted labor of forty years, marred by mistakes and shadowed by disappointments, but sustained by a righteous purpose and a steadfast faith in God. We have no royal authority as Asa had, to command the people to seek Jehovah and to obey his law. But we have the great power of public opinion, to which every American citizen can contribute who patiently sets himself to destroy wickedness and ennoble his fellowmen. Liquor saloons and gambling houses and licentious resorts and low theaters are as ruinous to our country as the high places and pillars and Asherim were to the people of Judah. It is easy for those who do not share in the profits of these vices to denounce them. But it is kingly to inspire men to throw off the curse and rise to manhood. We have a God worth worshiping and serving, who gives us peace and prosperity for a worthy purpose, and a country worth loving and defending. Our task is to keep what we have safe from the pollutions of evil men.

President Southworth of the Meadville Theological School (Unitarian) in his annual report says that the chief problem which confronts the school "is not one of finance, nor of surroundings or of teachers; it is the question as to where the men of ability and consecration are coming from to undertake the work for which this school prepares. They are not coming from Unitarian families and households; such as do come, come mainly from the Evangelical denominations," concerning which fact President Southworth remarks that "it is clear that the admission into the Unitarian ministry in large numbers of men who come directly from the ministry of other denominations has often been fraught with disaster."



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* International Sunday School Lesson for July 17. Asa's Good Reign. Text, 2 Chron. 14: 1-16: 15.

The Conversation Corner

News from the Nor'ard

YOU American Cornerers receive two mails every day; even those of you who live 'way out in the country are visited once a day by those faithful R. F. D. postmen. Did you know that our missionary friends in Labrador have been accustomed to get about two mails a year—by the early and late vessels from Quebec or St. John's? In late years one dog-team mail (I wonder if they call it the D. T. M.!) leaves Canada about Christmas time and goes along-shore, over frozen ponds and hard-drifted hills, through the Straits of Belle Isle to Battle Harbor, just beyond the northern end of the straits—the hardy driver generally getting back to Quebec by early spring. So a letter of mine written in December has an answer dated April 19. It is from "Sister Williams," who was Pomiuk's first nurse and teacher, and whose picture you see beside his "Cor-

Hospital. We had an epidemic of grip in the winter. I got it and had to dispense medicine from my bed. Baby Macpherson got very ill—I should not like to go through that experience again!

CECILIA WILLIAMS.

Battle Harbor, Labrador.

Another letter told about that little baby taken so ill while her father, the doctor, was far away to the north on a medical tour. A messenger was sent for him and he returned in four days (and nights) covering 300 miles with his komatik and dogs. This item is added:

The thermometer we have here registers only 45° Fahrenheit. But yesterday the mercury fell considerably below, went right down into the bulb in fact. In going into one of the rooms where there has been no fire, my fingers stuck on the [iron] door-handle and in order to detach them I had to lose some bits of skin!

Aren't we Cornerers glad that we can keep up that "Corner Cot," not only in memory of Gabriel-Pomiuk, but as a comfortable place for little Beekie Riggs and, now that she does not need it, for Johnny

have left two in care of a local volunteer nurse. I have done a great deal of traveling this winter. The people have learned that doctors can do more than "charmers" and "skilled old women," and now they carry us about more. What do you think of twenty men walking ahead of my komatik all day in order to beat down a path, so that I need not be delayed? I am sending the MS. of a book, "Life Among the Tollers of the Deep," to Revell. As it is in story form I hope it will catch some boy readers for mission work.

Cape Norman. WILFRED GRENFELL.

This reminds me to tell you that that same Revell Company is to issue next fall a book written by Norman Duncan, whose lifelike word-pictures of "the Labrador" you have seen in the magazines. The title is "Doctor Luke on the Labrador," and although the story is not about our missionary, it is easy to see what "beloved physician" the author has in mind, for in his summer trips to the coast he fell in with (and fell in love with!) Dr. Grenfell. We will be on the lookout for that story!

I quote a few paragraphs from the doctor's log published in the *Montreal Witness*, remembering vividly how, more than forty years ago, I used to distribute a six months' file of good old John Dougall's paper among the Labradormen.

A komatik had arrived from sixty miles away; the Catholic priest, who had long been a good friend of the mission, was dying of hemorrhage—could I come immediately? While I was packing up another komatik came from another place to say, "Come at once; my boy has broken his thigh." . . . At last we arrived at the tiny house. The boy of six had broken his thigh in the middle, randy-ing down on the slide. . . . The first thing was to get in a plank, thaw the ice off, dry it and plane it up for our box splint, then pad it. . . . I was right glad to prolong the chloroform while the setting and splinting was done. What a gift of God that is in one's hands! . . . A pillow on the floor, a mug of tea are ample for any sailor for one night. At daylight a dog-train had come for a fresh start. . . .

A poor woman brought me her child for help. It had a great sore she could not heal. "I tried to heal it with the deer's marrow, sir. I got no rest for three weeks; I bathed it with tansy water, and rubbed it with shark's gall, but I don't know what to do. Can you help me, doctor?" Thank God, I could and did. . . . On the floor of a tilt, in an indescribable heap of rags, was a fair-haired, blue-eyed boy of ten years, with disease of spine and open sores in three places. He was entirely naked and starved to a skeleton. He gave me a bright smile before I left. . . .

We left the priest much improved, sending a messenger all the way to St. Anthony for suitable supplies for him. . . . On my last journey we attempted to cross a bay eight miles across, a biting nor-west wind blowing, and ten below zero. When a mile from land I got off to run—the ice suddenly gave way and in I fell. It did not take me long to get out, but the nearest house was ten miles, and it meant one's life to have no dry clothing. The driver galloped the dogs back to the woods, and I had as hard a mile's running as ever I had, for my clothing resembled the armor of an ancient knight more and more every yard. . . . By the time I arrived at the trees my driver had a rubber poncho spread on the snow under a snug spruce thicket, and the sun pouring down on me I was soon as dry and a great deal warmer than before.

Is not this, busy, blessed work among "the least" of the Father's children on that wild coast in real imitation of the Master himself? "Inasmuch"—!

Mr. Martin



ner Cot" on the receipts I send to you for your gifts towards the "Gabriel-Pomiuk Memorial Cot." After some years in her English home, she is now delighted to be back "on the Labrador."

Dear Mr. Martin: I was so glad to get your letter, late in February—the only one I had. I have not heard a word from any of my own folk at home. There is open water [on the Atlantic] now, and we can see the tops of the hills, and little bits of earth here and there. Many snowbirds have arrived, all telling of spring, but how different to the spring at home. Spring here means boats coming—not birds singing, or violets and primroses blooming.

Another little occupant of the Corner Cot has gone home—little Beekie Riggs. [See Corner of Dec. 19.] She had hip disease and suffered much. We were preparing for Christmas, and had put by some things for her, including a white dress. She had no need of that, for the call came early Christmas morning, and Beekie was clothed in a whiter robe than we could ever give her. She was very fond of singing, and was never tired of singing, "In the sweet by and by." It was the last one I played to her.

We still have Johnnie Noel, the little boy mentioned by Dr. Grenfell. [See in Corner of Nov. 23: "a black-eyed, brown little chap, whose father is dead."] When I came last fall he was just recovering from measles, and had developed inflammation of the lungs; he got better, but for a long time he looked thin and delicate, but now looks very bonny and has grown so much. He works about the hospital, with the wood, and getting ice for water. [Not ice to cool the water, but to melt into water!] In the afternoon he goes to school, and has got on so well that he received a prize from Mrs. Cluny Macpherson. He is to be trained for a handy man at Indian Harbor

Noel? We hope to hear again from him by and by. Now look at our picture of Battle Harbor Hospital. The building at the right is the new annex. If you have sailors' eyes you can read the motto, stretched over both buildings, carved by the Cambridge "Captains of Ten"—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of one of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." What a sermon that is preaching all the year round to "liveyers" on their sledges, to fishermen in their boats, to sailors on their vessels!

And now we must cross the icy straits and find Dr. Grenfell among the rugged rocks and deep snows of northern Newfoundland, where he has been spending the long, severe winter in his various medical, industrial, missionary work there.

It is Easter Sunday at 4 P. M., and I am literally imprisoned in a fisherman's house. I arrived here last night with my dogs on a sick call to a young fisherman with heart disease. He lives two miles further on, but as we had done twenty-five miles I could not go on last night, intending to go early this morning. But one long continuous blizzard has blown all night. The only way out of the house now is out of the top-story window—all the first story doors and windows are completely embedded in snow. I never saw such a storm; the snow lies on the level of the tree-tops outside—fifteen to twenty feet at least. Then I have forty more miles to do tomorrow to Flowers Cove—"whatever shall I do?"

Your letter and cuttings received—the only letter after a long wait. I think the rest of the mail was lost in the snow. We have opened our hospital at last to a few extreme cases. I

The Literature of the Day

RELIGION

A More Excellent Way, by William B. Clarke. pp. 227. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.
A reaffirmation of the doctrine of the atonement as presented by Jonathan Edwards and modified by McLeod Campbell. The writer however enlarges the theology of the latter to include the results of the latest psychology. Only an accomplished hand could have given us so great a picture in so few strokes.

Ancient Sermons for Modern Times, by Asterius. pp. 157. Pilgrim Press. 60 cents net.

Asterius was a contemporary of Chrysostom and a famous, though not so famous preacher. These five sermons have been admirably translated. They are virile calls to righteousness and hold the reader's attention, not merely by their pictures of the Greek life which they depict and condemn, but by their earnestness and power. Much of their ethical teaching seems like a special message to our own time.

The Upper Way, by William C. Stiles, B. D. pp. 226. Eaton & Mains. \$1.00.

A useful résumé of evangelical truth for those who have neither the taste nor ability for critical study and are content to accept a general dogmatic outline as a basis for popular treatment.

Why We Christians Believe in Christ. Bishop Gore's Bampton lectures, edited by Rev. T. C. Fry. pp. 62. E. P. Dutton & Co. 40 cents net.

An abridgment of Bishop Gore's Bampton lectures intended to popularize his argument for the practical belief of Christianity. The brevity and cheapness of the book recommend it to those who accept Bishop Gore's positions and are seeking a brief manual of apologetics for popular use.

Going to the Father, by Henry Drummond. pp. 33. Dodd, Mead & Co. 40 cents net.

A chapter from *The Ideal Life*, beautifully printed for wider circulation.

Sermonettes, by Felicité Robert de Lamennais. pp. 107. A. C. McClurg & Co.

Selections from the works of Lamennais. The title hardly describes the compiler's method. The chapters are made up of brief, sententious sayings, not organically related, but grouped about such subjects as love, the true end of life, father and son, the traveler and the rock. A well-made little book.

Preaching, by Thomas McBride Nichols. pp. 74. Presbyterian Board of Publication.

A brief treatise on the art of preaching, originally prepared for serial publication in one of the religious newspapers. Mr. Nichols is a Presbyterian pastor in Germantown, Pa., and writes with discriminating enthusiasm of the work, its possibilities and perils.

AMERICAN SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Working With the Hands, by Booker T. Washington. pp. 246. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50 net.

Students of American social conditions and of the Negro problem will greatly enjoy Principal Washington's volume supplementary to his autobiography. He begins with a chapter of personal experience which makes acknowledgment to Mrs. Ruffner, a Vermont woman who taught him as a boy how to work, and also to General Armstrong and Hampton Institute. He goes on to describe the work and methods of Tuskegee and to draw upon the experiences of successful Negro farmers and teachers in other parts of the South. The book is well illustrated and deepens the impression of Mr. Washington's breadth of vision and practical good sense.

The American City: a Problem in Democracy, by Delos F. Wilcox. pp. 423. Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.

A book to delight the heart of Good Government Clubs and of Civic Leagues. It discusses in a most interesting and yet thorough manner the fundamental principles of the American civic problem. It explains the course and methods of future progress; better use of the schools, both as training places of future citizens and as social centers for localities; wiser financial methods in raising taxes and disposing of franchises; the adoption of municipal home rule, of the initiative, the referendum and the recall. The argument on these latter topics is most important. The work is progressively conservative, hopeful, instructive and inspiring.

American Problems, by Joseph A. Vance. pp. 252. Winona Pub. Co. 75 cents net.

Mr. Vance considers in these thoughtful papers five great problems of America—those of the Negro, the labor question, of the sale of alcohol, of municipal government and of vice. His papers have the appeal of careful thought and earnest feeling. If they present no new facts and no fresh remedies, they have the merit of stating the problems clearly and with the author's insistence that the principles of Christ are the efficient remedy we are in entire sympathy.

At Our Own Door, by S. L. Morris, D. D. pp. 268. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.00 net.

A study of home missions with special reference to the South and West, chiefly concerned with the missions of the Southern Presbyterian Church. A chapter on the Negro will be valuable to Northern readers as presenting the predominant Southern opinion. Contains a fair amount of important information.

Working with the People, by Charles Sprague Smith. pp. 161. A. Wessels Co. 50 cents.

An account of the conception, principles and work of the People's Institute in New York. Mr. Smith gives a general survey of the work, followed by chapters describing it in its different aspects. It is an interesting story of much significance for the students of social conditions and for the leaders of the Church.

FICTION

The Steps of Honor, by Basil King. pp. 286. Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

The moral experience of a plagiarist, his temptation and fall, the detection of his offense, its punishment involving other lives and its atonement, this would scarcely seem to be promising material for a work of fiction. But the author has accomplished his task admirably. He has combined light and shade, humor and tragedy in well-balanced proportions. The scene is laid in Cambridge. All the characters are well drawn, one especially, grim old Professor Wollaston, with his warm human heart, is a genuine creation. The style is good and the moral effect satisfactory.

The Story of King Sylvain and Queen Aimee, by Margaret Sherwood. pp. 240. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

A charming pastoral in which a king and queen escape from the limitations of their state and live their own life in the villages and woods. The tone of unworldliness is admirably maintained, and the story makes delightful summer reading.

By the Good Sainte Anne, by Anna Chapin Ray. pp. 286. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25.

A charming story of a girl's life and love. A companion of her scholarly father, she is spending lonely weeks in Quebec and its neighborhood and at Sainte Anne-de-Beaupré. Her adventures with contrasted acquaintances, an English younger son, a French student and a Canadian, are interestingly related. Those who enjoy a love story with just enough tantalizing uncertainty to keep the interest at its highest point will like these pleasant pages.

Wellesley Stories, by Grace Louise Cook. pp. 340. E. H. Bacon & Co., Boston. \$1.25.

A new and enlarged edition of a successful and characteristic book of college stories. It will have a special interest for Wellesley graduates, but deserves and has secured a much wider audience.

The Panchronicon, by Harold Steele Mackaye. pp. 350. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

This tale is founded on an ingenious mechanical suggestion which transports the characters far back into the past. Mr. Mackaye's knowledge of real human nature, unfortunately, is successfully concealed in the progress of the too farcical adventures. There are, however, oases of fun. Queen Elizabeth listening to the "Baconian" theories about her own private life is a delightfully humorous notion.

EDUCATION

Gateway Series of English Texts, general editor, Henry van Dyke.

Carlyle's Essay on Burns, edited by Edward Mims, Ph. D. pp. 160. American Book Co. 35 cents.

George Eliot's Silas Marner, edited by Wilbur Lucius Cross, Ph. D. pp. 336. American Book Co. 40 cents.

Burke's Speech on Conciliation with America, edited by William MacDonald, Ph. D., LL. D. pp. 164. American Book Co. 35 cents.

Three numbers of *The Gateway* series prepared especially for students in college preparatory schools under the general editorship of Prof. Henry van Dyke. Introductions and notes provide needed help for the student.

Standard Second Reader, edited by Isaac K. Funk, LL. D. pp. 208. Funk and Wagnalls Co.

Teacher's Manual for Second Reader, edited by Isaac Funk, LL. D. pp. 307. Funk & Wagnalls Co.

A second reader and a manual for teachers to be used in connection with it. The system of pronunciation corresponds to that used in the *Standard Dictionary*. The aim has been to teach religion, not a religion, by the use of selections from the Old Testament, in consultation with Protestant, Hebrew and Roman Catholic leaders of thought. Unfortunately these passages have been put into the hands of Mr. Edward Markham, who has inverted and confused them into a sort of stilted quasi-poetry, which we would be reluctant to have used in the hearing of a child.

An Introduction to Vertebrate Embryology, by Albert Moore Reese, Ph. D. pp. 291. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.40 net.

A concise text-book based on the study of the frog and the chick, for the use of students, or as the basis of instruction to be enlarged as the experience of the teacher suggests.

Inductive Lessons in Biology, by Lewanna Wilkins, B. S. pp. 124. Benj. H. Sanborn & Co. 75 cents.

A manual for secondary schools, containing brief studies for practical instruction, with an appendix containing directions for experiment, useful tables, glossary and complete index.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

The Son of Light Horse Harry, by James Barnes. pp. 243. Harper & Bros.

The hero of this book for boys is Gen. Robert E. Lee. It is part biography, part history, with a bridging over of fiction. The earlier periods of General Lee's career are dwelt upon with considerable detail, the period of the war between the states is passed over lightly. It is a sign of the times that such a book should be proposed for the reading of Northern boys. It will introduce them to a striking and admirable character, and help to break down the last vestiges of sectional prejudice.

How a Little Girl Went to Africa, by Leona Mildred Bicknell. pp. 172. Lee & Shepard. \$1.00.

This little girl went with her parents to South Africa just before the outbreak of the Boer War. She describes from the viewpoint of a child her experiences on the voyage to England, in London, on the longer voyage to Cape Town and in the African cities, the native village where they spent some time, and in the retreat on the edge of war to the Cape and the return to America. It will interest children, and is well illustrated.

Hero Tales Told in School, by James Baldwin. pp. 183. Chas. Scribner's Sons. 50 cents net.

Stories either for reading classes or for oral use by the teachers. Their range is wide, covering legends of Greece and folk tales of the Germans. They are related in pleasant fashion and would be a welcome addition to the library of a child.

The Sunset Rock, by May Baldwin. pp. 388. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.

A high-spirited London girl is exiled in consequence of her insubordination in school to the house of an aunt in a lonely fishing hamlet on the Cornish coast. The story of the odd and unusual people she meets and of her childish companions and their adventures makes a pleasant book for girls, with good atmosphere and a high moral tone. The scenery and many of the motives seem far away to American children, but may not be less enjoyable on that account.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Mother-Artist, by Jane Dearborn Mills, (Mrs. James E. Mills). pp. 148. Palmer Co. \$1.00.

This is an unusual book, the result evidently of a mother's practical experiences and deep insight into the meaning of family life and

the best method of bringing to bear the united influence of father and mother. The protest against the tone of pity or contempt in which the whole question of motherhood is often treated, especially by women, is wholesome and delightful. We heartily commend the book to mothers and fathers for its practical good sense and educational suggestiveness.

The Widow's Mite and Other Psychological Phenomena, by I. K. Funk. pp. 538. Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$2.00 net.

Dr. Funk, impressed by the volume of evidence in regard to alleged communication with the spiritual world, took occasion to make a personal examination of this evidence, which resulted in the preparation of this large and well-studied book. The author is not a spiritist, but has for years devoted much of his spare time to the investigation of psychic phenomena. His aim has been to record his observations as simply as possible, and to gather as much pertinent material as his researches would allow, without professing to have reached definite conclusions. He pro-

poses a number of puzzling questions and invites the co-operation of the public in further research. It is an interesting study and the sobriety of tone will make it helpful for the investigation and estimate of the phenomena with which it deals.

Russian Affairs, by Geoffrey Drage. pp. 738. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$6.00 net.

The result of many years of study by one thoroughly equipped for the task. It presents the best available information on the agrarian, commercial, industrial and financial history and methods of Russia, its ambitions, aggressions and limitations. Especially enlightening are the chapters on Finland, Manchuria, Persia and Armenia. Valuable maps help interpret the text, and an appendix contains the most important state documents connected with the present war with Japan. The author is judical, calm and restrained in temper, but as one reads his clear statements of the progress of events the impression deepens and strengthens that the Slavic peril is greater and more threatening than any "yellow peril."

Closet and Altar

MAKING READY FOR OPPORTUNITY

But the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps. . . . And they that were ready went in with him . . . and the door was shut.

Unless a man has trained himself for his chance, the chance will only make him ridiculous. A great occasion is worth to a man exactly what his antecedents have enabled him to make of it.—*William Matthews.*

What we do upon a great occasion will probably depend upon what we already are; what we are will be the result of previous years of self-discipline under the grace of Christ or of the absence of it.—*Henry P. Liddon.*

"He comes not?" Yea, he cometh! Wherefore wait

At casement or at door his step to greet? Thou think'st perchance to catch him at the gate

And stay the passing of his rapid feet. Yet art thou sure the chambers are all meet In order set to serve his royal state?

The banquet laid, the crown above the seat, Fresh rushes strewn and all things adequate? "He comes not?" Yea, he cometh—needeth not

Thy watching and thy waiting. He seeks thee

As surely as the mountain stream the sea.

He cometh—nor hath e'er one life forgot.

But when he neareth, saying: "Here am I!" Shall he find all things fit, or pass thee by?

—*Anna C. Brackett.*

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Life our battleground, death our release; cares and sorrows upon earth, repose in heaven—of these we all have heard. But do we really grasp the thought that in our death and judgment we are confronted with new opportunity?—*Isaac Ogden Rankin.*

He who is true to the best he knows today will know a better best tomorrow.—*Charles Gordon Ames.*

Too often, O my Father, have I forgotten with what patience Thou hast ever worked: too much have I despised my little duties while I longed for great occasions. In mercy Thou hast held me back from the excitements and responsibilities of which I dreamed. Show me the deeper meaning of life's commonplace and by the needful discipline of quiet work prepare my heart for the great opportunities, the heavy trials of my life. So fit me, more and more, by the good teaching of Thy Holy Spirit, for larger work with Thee, and let not failure hinder those I love or fall upon Thy work through my presumptuous undertakings. Yet prosper, Lord, my wise ambitions, teaching me to be strong. And give me courage to make ventures in Thy service, to Thine own glory and my growth in love and power. Through Jesus Christ, my Lord. Amen.

Bits from New Books

A Point of Vantage

For a man can be discouraged as easily as a woman, and the one who can most perfectly accomplish his discouragement is his wife.—*From Mills's The Mother-Artist (Palmer Co.)*

The Most Traveled Book

As in the dawn of England Beowulf had come in the long Danish boats, and many an exodus has gone out with one great book which was like brain and blood to the little race, there on Massachusetts Bay a book had come with the people; and every ship, loaded with the twenty thousand souls of the first emigration, brought it—the book that has oftenest crossed the sea of all the books of men—the Bible. It is the greatest English book, and in this small folk of English stock it found a human vehicle of power equal to its greatness.—*From Woodberry's America in Literature (Harpers).*

Tennyson

Such, then, was the man—simple, wise, laborious, impressive, trenchant, outspoken, yet sensitive withal, self-absorbed and moody; with the heart of a child, the vision of a poet and the faith of a mystic, in a mighty, rugged, vigorous frame, full of strong animal and human impulse; living a life that tended to develop both the good and evil of his temperament; for the seclusion and ease that makes divide dreams possible is also a soil in which the frailties, passions and vanities of human nature burgeon and flower.—*From Benson's Tennyson (Dutton).*

An Egyptian Pasha on Mussulman Abstinence

"If the Arabs could raise potatoes like the Irishman, or grain like the Russians, the command of the Koran would not be kept as well as it is. But," he continued, "Europe will make drunkards of the Mussulmans within a century."—*From Armstrong's Around the World with a King (Stokes).*

The Point of View

Indeed, in our superb self-satisfaction we often deceive ourselves in fancying that Orientals view with open-mouthed admiration everything European or American. I am reminded of a Korean nobleman, who, on being asked after his return to Seoul from America how he liked New York, replied, "O, very well, except the dirt and the smells which were horrible." Another similar instance was that of one of the Koreans who went with us to Chemulpo and Fusan, who saw the two-story houses, the ships in the harbor and vari-

ous wonders of civilization, and exclaimed, "Poor Korea, poor Korea"; but when he heard a foreign band play at the Japanese consulate remarked with delight, "At least there is one thing in which Japan cannot rival or compare with us, our music!"—*From Underwood's Fifteen Years among the Top-Knots (American Tract Society).*

A Maker of Happiness

You needn't worry about Lila, Christopher; she's the kind of woman—and they're rare—who doesn't have to have her happiness made to order; give her any fair amount of the raw material and she'll soon manage to fit it perfectly to herself. The stuff is in her, I tell you; the atmosphere is about her—can't you feel it? and she's going to be happy, whatever comes. A woman who can make over a dress the sixth time as cheerfully as she did the first has the spirit of a Caesar, and doesn't need your lamentations.—*From Glasgow's Deliverance (Doubleday, Page & Co.).*

The Influence of a Book

It may be some small town [in France], and the colporteur finds himself curiously aided by the writings of an American lady. "Yes, I shall buy this book," he is told, "for I see that it is—Uncle Tom's Bible." A translation of the famous story of slavery has carried the sorrows of the poor Negro and his love of the Bible into the homes of innumerable French bourgeois, and many are eager to possess a copy of his Bible.—*From Canton's Story of the Bible Society (Dutton).*

A Foolish Man's Dating

In these dark February days the king was prone to regard his troubles as the consequence and not the verification of certain words spoken by Archie Douglas on the braeside by Falkirk—that being a trick of the unreasonable to date their misfortunes from the time when they first find them out.—*From Hewlett's The Queen's Quair (Macmillan).*

A New England Democrat

My mother was the most perfect democrat, in the best sense of the word, that I ever knew. It was a democracy which was the logical result of the doctrines of the Old Testament and of the New. It recognized the dignity of the individual soul, without regard to the accident of birth or wealth or power or color of the skin. If she were in the company of a queen it would never have occurred to her that they did not meet as equals. And if the queen were a woman of sense and knew her, it would never occur to the queen.—*From Senator Hoar's Autobiography of Seventy Years (Scribner).*

For Endeavorers

PRAYER MEETING

BY REV. H. A. BRIDGMAN

Topic, July 17-23. The World's Gain through Universal Peace. Ps. 46: 9-11; Isa. 2: 2-4.

The most obvious gains accruing from peace are of the material sort. Elsewhere in this paper Mrs. Edwin D. Mead draws an impressive contrast between an actual outlay for warships and a possible use of the same amount of money for educational purposes. When so many splendid enterprises, not only educational, but philanthropic and religious, are languishing for want of funds, how much they might be aided if only a fraction of the moneys now expended on the armies and navies of the world could be diverted to the sustenance of institutions that make for national stability and personal well-being! If the outlay ended with preparation for warfare, it would not be so bad. Strife engenders a long list of expenses for hospitals, pensions and all the disastrous consequences of war.

But we would not rest the argument on commercial considerations alone. The moral life of mankind would receive incalculable benefit from the abolition of war. However true it may have been in the past that "civilization gets forward on a powder keg," and however much wars may have been overruled in the providence of God for the upbuilding of his kingdom, we are rapidly approaching the time when, if the ideals of Jesus are to be realized, something must be substituted for war. That in the last analysis is a barbarous and puerile method of settling difficulties. It is nothing but fistieuffs carried to the nth degree. It is the local feud, the street brawl, elevated to a place where the whole world can see it. It is only brute force at war against brute force. Even when men fight for what they consider a just cause, the shock of arms, the necessities of the campaign, often arouse the basest and most ungovernable passions, until what would be spurned in calmer moments becomes a commonplace of the struggle. So the proverb, "All's fair in war," has seemed to justify many a dubious proceeding.

Certainly the great, strong, civilized nations of the world ought to be able before long to devise some way of settling disputes other than that inherited from fighting savages. We are thankful that a body of earnest, enthusiastic men and women in this country and abroad are agitating so vigorously for an international peace tribunal. The influence of the annual arbitration conference at Lake Mohonk counts much, and the effort, indorsed by the legislature of Massachusetts, to induce the President to ask the governments of the world to establish an international congress in the interests of peace is one of the most promising movements of our time. Endeavorers may help by signing petitions that have been prepared by Sec etary Vogt with this end in view.

"But," says some one, "if war is entirely abolished is there not danger that certain virtues—courage, persistency, self-sacrifice, heroism—will fall of proper nourishment? War has often proved a school of character." True, but are there not enough moral conflicts into which men may enter today to insure the development of every latent spark of fortitude and valor? The lamented General Lawton did a fine work in the Philippines as a soldier and commander, but Governor Taft's task of reconstruction and of laying the foundations of free government has called for as great fortitude, patience, forbearance and determination as any battle or campaign could involve. Never fear but what the fight against municipal corruption and the liquor power, the effort to promote just and merciful relations between class and class and man and man will test the stuff of which young Christians are made. And in meeting the test they will win laurels fully as desirable to possess as those gained in the smoke of battle.

The Daily Portion

THE HANDBOOK BIBLE READINGS

BY ISAAC OGDEN RANKIN

July 10, Sunday. *Thanks for Faith and Love.*—Col. 1: 1-8.

We can realize through this letter how like children these early Christians were. The gospel was so new that it opened their minds to other new thoughts, not all of them sound and true. Note the courtesy of Paul's introduction. Christian authority is not a giant with a club, it is mindful of the feelings of those to whom it is sent. Rebuke is well preceded by recognition of the good qualities of the sinner. Paul never discouraged people first and drove them afterward.

July 11. *The Glory of Christ.*—Col. 1: 9-23.

What Christ does, the Father does. It is the Father who made us meet to be partakers. But what we know of the Father's character and the Father's love we know through "the Son of his love, in whom we have redemption, the forgiveness of our sins." The pre-eminence of Christ is for the universe. We shall not pass beyond him by any journey through space or time.

July 12. *The Mystery Made Known.*—Col. 1: 24-29.

To the unbeliever Christ's presence is incredible; to longest experience it remains a mystery still. We have a share in Christ's uncompleted work. So entire is the identification which Paul makes of himself with the Christ-self, that he does not hesitate to speak of his own sufferings as Christ's suffering. How high a thought—Christ still enduring and enjoying through our life on earth! Note that it is Christ himself in us who is the hope of glory. Life comes by life. Yet even those who have this mystery and hope through the indwelling Christ must be admonished and taught and perfected.

July 13. *Steadfastness.*—Col. 2: 1-15.

Were the temptations of these Colossian Christians more than ours? I think not, in spite of the permeating idolatry of the Asiatic life. It may have been harder to begin to believe, but not to continue. For the atmosphere of the church was warmer than than now, the witness was nearer to Christ's life, the intellectual doubts, and temptations were less subtle. One great reason why so many of us are not steadfast in the faith is that we rarely use it as an instrument of personal relation. The Christian leaven needs to be in touch with the lump. It grows in power by using.

July 14. *Freedom.*—Col. 2: 16-23.

This declaration of independence is not meant to end in anarchy—any more than our American Declaration was. It means that the new life is of the Spirit of God and makes its own ordinances. What is essential has grown or will grow from the new free life. And our attitude toward unessential matters of order and observance is to be determined by the needs of our time and the universal law of charity and consideration.

July 15. *Death for Life.*—Col. 3: 1-11.

The will holds the reins in that expressive phrase, "Set your mind!" Too many of us are like stopped clocks and have our minds set by the lower or more frivolous nature in ourselves or others. Man is more than an automaton. His self-determination develops the life Christ gives.

July 16. *In Christ's Name.*—Col. 3: 12-17.

These are social virtues. If Christianity begins in individualism, it never stops there. And it deals with social relations which are not ideal. Longsuffering is here, and forbearing, complaints and that forgiveness which goes against the grain and is attained only for the sake of Christ who has forgiven. When one does all in the name of the Lord Jesus, it will not be difficult to find room for praise.

Last Month in Canada

Our Annual Gathering

This year we met at Montreal, and, though the distance is greater for many, yet there are special reasons for rallying a good attendance in that city. The trip on the splendid Ontario and Richelleu boats is in itself tempting. A sail through the Thousand Islands and down the St. Lawrence is a fine preparation for a series of meetings. Then Montreal is a joy to visit, particularly in June, while the hospitality of the people could not be excelled. The social functions in the four general luncheons and the delightful outing through Lachine were happy breaks in the work of the union.

The Fraternal Spirit

It was good to meet a number of our "old boys" who are settled in Vermont. Dr. Judson Smith of the American Board added to the interest of the meetings by his addresses. Delegations brought cordial greetings from the local Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist churches. A wider outlook was also taken in naming delegates to the Union of England and Wales, and the Triennial Council of the United States.

Church Union Favored

Several ringing addresses favored church union as now proposed. The resolution adopted was even larger, and held out hope for union with other denominations. There was not a dissentient vote, and the discussion formed a strange contrast to the one at the Union eleven years ago. Our committee numbers twenty-five, and represents all phases of church thought and interests.

Progress of Debt Campaign

A year ago this undertaking was launched, and now it is far beyond the most hopeful expectations. The aim was at least \$100,000, and now it is \$246,915, the entire indebtedness. The former mark is already passed, and upwards of \$45,000 is actually paid. This calls for an additional \$5,000 from England, and forthwith grants will be made from the central fund to the more heavily burdened churches. Fine addresses on this work were given by Field Secretary Gunn and others.

The College and Missions

The college reported an increase of funds, and the coming of Professor Lyman of Carleton College, Minnesota. The Home Missionary Society showed a small deficit, but the secretary's outline of work accomplished was considered the best for years. The foreign society had a discouragement in the return of Dr. and Mrs. Massey, but a cheering story of the work at Chisamba. Dr. Judson Smith's presence at this meeting was particularly appreciated.

Various Cleanings

Chairman O'Hara's topic on Church Union was timely, and received thoughtful treatment. The annual preacher, Rev. W. S. Pritchard, struck a fine note in his sermon, *The Adaptation in Religious Life and Work*. The other addresses showed a happy blending of the older and newer thinking, the one by Rev. G. Ellery Read calling for special mention as a clear exposition of the claims of historical criticism. Rev. J. K. Unsworth of Hamilton will be chairman for 1905.

Out on the Field

Sometime ago I referred to the illness of Mr. J. C. Copp, and now record his death. He was greatly missed, but fittingly remembered at the union.—Second Church, Ottawa, is pressed for room and will enlarge its building.—Rev. E. D. Silcox will begin his work at Toronto, Zion, July 10.—The Watford Church will join with the Presbyterians in July and August, each pastor taking the services one month. Emmanuel and Dominion Square Methodist Churches, Montreal, will also take up the joint holiday arrangement of a year ago. No church that I know of will be closed during vacation. J. P. G.

Both Sides the Brooklyn Bridge

A Branch of the Religious Education Association

A branch of the R. E. A. is being organized. Dr. W. C. Bitting is chairman of the committee. Congregationalists prominently connected with the movement are Drs. Henry A. Stimson, James M. Whiton and Rev. Frederick Lynch.

It is interesting to note how emphatically the present trend of our city churches is toward improvement of Bible school methods. Lewis Avenue has been undergoing continuous grading for seven years, and has now reached a satisfactory stage. Pilgrim will introduce in the fall a course of lessons prepared by the pastor, Rev. Frederick Lynch, similar to a course he instituted in Lenox. Manhattan and Trinity are also using or considering new courses. Several schools use the Blakeslee lessons. The Beginners' Course for the sub-primary department or kindergarten is proving popular.

Brighter Outlook for Bushwick Avenue

By unanimous vote this church has decided to inaugurate several measures for improvement. The board of trustees voluntarily resigned in order to pave the way for consolidation with the board of deacons. Dr. Baylis has declined to consider a larger opening, and will remain to work out a satisfactory solution of the problem. The church has an attractive edifice on one of the broadest and longest avenues of the city. Many well-to-do and middle-class foreigners are moving into the neighborhood, however, causing a perceptible change in conditions. The Sunday school is large; and over twenty adults joined the church at a recent communion, a majority on confession of faith.

A Bird's-Eye View of Manhattan Congregationalism

Had there existed even twenty-five years ago in New York the same denominational enthusiasm and loyalty that obtains today, the borough of Manhattan would be far more prominent in Congregationalism. As it is, there is not an English-speaking Congregational church on the East Side below 146th Street, except the Camp Memorial, whose character is missionary and Pilgrim. The Bronx is better supplied. Bedford Park has an attractive edifice on East 201st Street, with the parsonage next door. The chapel or hall adjoining the church is a popular entertainment center. I found Mr. and Mrs. Makepeace both in the Trinity Church basement still used as a library, planning for the church's welfare. While not large, the Trinity edifice is one of the most beautiful in the vicinity. The vine-clad stone walls and graceful entrance naturally attract a thrifty and scholarly class. The architects, who are members of the church, have designed several prominent buildings of the city.

At Christ Church on the West Side Rev. H. M. Brown is also a trained architect. He has devised a map of his parish similar to the large ones seen in insurance offices. Every building lot of the parish is noted, and on each is written the name of the resident, whether member of the church or not. He also prepared a certificate envelope for purchasers of shares in the mortgage-raising fund.

Forest Avenue, the second oldest English-speaking church of the city, is taking on new life under Rev. Adam Reoch; and Claremont Park, under Rev. J. C. Whiting, is showing considerable activity. North's imposing structure will stand as one of the striking Congregational landmarks.

The quiet work of Mr. Lynch at Pilgrim is proving effective. A week day class for the study of religious poetry has attracted a good number of young people. Dr. Jefferson is of course making Broadway Tabernacle a Congregational stronghold; and a peculiar feature of Manhattan is that so many of its members have always been Congregationalists. Mr. Cox is doing good institutional work at Bethany.

DIXON.

Half a Year's Work in the Churches

First in spite of predictions of failure and accusations of weakness has held to its work steadily and with abounding success. Additions by confession of faith are numerous and constant and congregations are large. The people have just raised \$1,500 for redecoration and repairs so that when Dr. Bartlett returns from vacation a renovated audience room and other rooms may greet him. Union Park though sadly missing the directing care of a pastor has yet employed its own resources so well as to lose nothing during these months of waiting. Plymouth says nothing. There are no reports of successes, but the congregation increases, and at every communion there are additions. New England is always about the same with or without a pastor. It has a fine location for work and with the pastor the people desire there is no reason why this church, so famous for its gifts, should not be stronger than ever. Warren Avenue, Covenant, California Avenue, Millard Avenue have made substantial gains. So has Leavitt Street, South and Pilgrim. To the latter there have been large additions on confession, sixty or seventy at a time. Lincoln Park is cramped for want of a building, but gains in strength and attendance nevertheless. Ravenswood and Rogers Park rejoice in new and efficient pastors and Wilmette and Winnetka are both erecting new and costly houses of worship and are feeling the effect of suburban growth. Evanston is always prosperous. Sittings even are difficult to obtain in this church.

But perhaps the most striking feature of the half year's progress is seen in connection with the mission churches. This has come about chiefly through the union of some of the stronger churches with the weaker. The advantage has been mutual. Ewing Street has been under the care of the Second Church, Oak Park. With Mr. Firman as superintendent of the Sunday school its numbers have increased from about 100 to more than 300. The church has increased proportionally in its membership, while the congregations have outstripped both the school and the church. Extensive repairs have been made on the building and of the \$1,400 required to meet the cost the people themselves have given nearly \$600. The Oak Park church has paid the rest and furthermore has paid \$800 toward the salary of the pastor and provides also for the salary of two lady visitors. It does this through the City Mission Society. The building is used in the afternoon for a service in Italian, at which often seventy-five persons are present.

Bethlehem Church (Bohemian) has been greatly cheered and stimulated by the assistance which members of this same Oak Park church have brought to it. The Sunday school has a new superintendent. More than a dozen persons have taken hold of the industrial school, and Mr. Fricke, who is at the head of this new movement, is also managing largely the financial affairs of the mission. Porter Memorial is cared for by the Second Church and Leavitt Street together, and the latter church is receiving quite as much benefit from what its members are trying to do as they are imparting. Mr. Firman, not content with victories on the West Side, is now turning his attention to the field occupied by Bethesda Mission on the North Side and with good prospects of regathering the school of five hundred or even more which once met in its building. The church in Hinsdale is looking after Berea Mission and furnishing such aid in money and personal labor as the people need in order that their own resources may be fully developed.

In this return to a method of work inaugurated years ago by the First Church under the direction of Dr. Goodwin, who had the assistance and sympathy of such men as Professor

Chicago and the Interior

Curtiss and at least a score of eminent business men, we seem to be on the verge of a departure which means more for the welfare of our work in the city than any movement recently set on foot. This movement has developed in connection with the campaign for raising \$100,000 for the endowment of the City Missionary Society, and proves that strong churches are not impoverished by giving, that the trial of their strength is often needed in order to awaken interest and show what can be done.

But some other churches have done almost as well alone. Fifty-second Avenue Church, which after great struggles secured a \$9,000 building on which it has paid \$6,000, now finds its rooms so crowded that enlargement is absolutely necessary. Within six months over sixty persons have joined this church, nearly all on confession. For the new Garfield Park Church lots costing \$5,000 have been purchased and the people are gathering funds to pay for them. As the church at Cragin felt it could not raise \$700 for needed repairs, the pastor took hold of the work with his own hands and has carried it through at less than half the cost. At Madison Avenue, beginning with nothing, Rev. Mr. Simons has gathered a church of more than one hundred members and a property worth fully \$7,000. With the exception of \$15 a month from the City Missionary Society toward the salary of the pastor and aid from the Building Society in the erection of the house of worship, the money has been secured on the field itself, and is the outcome of self-sacrificing service on the part of the pastor, the pastor's wife and the pastor's daughter, for equal credit should be given each of them.

The church at Park Manor has obtained a new and better location upon which it will erect a substantially new building. The old church at Brighton, which has suffered very much from removals and the inability to secure such ministerial service as it needed, has lately grown rapidly, and is now raising money for a new building. Evanston Avenue has prospered. Not only has it paid half of a burdensome debt of \$10,000, the other half being cared for from outside sources, it has renovated its house of worship, painting it within and without, and thus added much to its attractiveness.

Of many other churches much might be said. But the work in those named is simply an illustration of what other churches, the stronger and weaker, are trying to do, and with varying success are succeeding in doing. To the thirty churches which have been aided by the society the last six months, there have been 226 additions, 156 of the number on confession of faith. The society has been somewhat crippled in its work by the effort to secure so large a fund for endowment, but has succeeded in securing a special fund of \$5,000 to provide for the expenses of the summer months.

Who is to Blame

Mrs. Anna Kolodzik a few days ago turned on the gas and caused her own death and that of three children. She gave as her reason her inability to support herself and her preference of death to starvation. Her husband is in the asylum from failure to obtain work. As she could not pay the rent her landlord wanted her rooms. What could she do, she asked herself, but die? Is this a sample case? It would seem as if in this city of abounding charities some one might have learned of this woman's need and ministered to her. On whom does the blame rest?

Chicago, July 2.

FRANKLIN.

Radcliffe receives \$100,000, Tuskegee \$50,000 and Berea College \$2,000 from the estate of the late Mrs. Henry Whitman of Boston, the artist.

The Text of the Lord's Supper

BY REV. CHARLES CAVERNO, LOMBARD, ILL.

No Scripture is more often misquoted than the text of the Lord's Supper. A critical examination of that text is to be commended to ministers. Reverence for the exercise will best be exhibited by accuracy in repetition of the words of the Lord.

Four authors have given us a report of the Saviour's words in instituting the supper, Matthew, Mark, Luke and Paul. The English-speaking world has now before it three prominent versions of these four reporters, viz., that of King James, dated 1611; that of the English and American revisers, dated 1881; and that of the American revisers, dated 1901. For brevity's sake it will be best to refer to these versions by their dates.

At a communion it is rare not to hear a minister say, "Christ took bread," etc., "and said, 'This is my body broken for you.'" Now the word "broken" has disappeared from the text of the New Testament. It is not in the Revision of 1901 at all; it was removed from the text to the margin in the Revision of 1881. The reason for this action is that the word did not have good standing in the Greek manuscripts. But there is one further fact in regard to that word to which attention is particularly directed. The word was not in the text of Matthew, Mark or Luke in the Version of 1611. The only standing it ever had was in King James, in Paul, 1 Cor. 11: 24.

It is singular that the language of the Gospels should have been so customarily set aside for that of Paul. In the Gospels, in Matthew we have one first-hand reporter. In Paul we have probably only a third-hand reporter. Yet Paul's report has dictated the phraseology of the table almost everywhere in the English tongue. But the word (never in the Gospels) has now ceased to appear in the text of Paul because not supported by manuscript authority. It may be well to put the text as it now stands in all the New Testament authors.

Matt. 26: 26: "Take, eat; this is my body."

Mark 14: 22: "Take ye; this is my body."

Luke 22: 19: "This is my body which is given for you."

Paul, 1 Cor. 11: 24: "This is my body, which is for you."

The word "shed" has likewise disappeared from the New Testament. The term "poured out" is everywhere substituted in the Revision of 1901. To begin with, the word "shed" was in no one of the versions of Paul. What Paul said was: "This cup is the (new testament 1611) (new covenant 1881 and 1901) in my blood." So we have no complication about the terms "shed" or "poured out" with Paul.

The Revision of 1881 substituted "poured out" for shed in Luke, but preserved the word "shed" in Matthew and Mark. The Revision of 1901 puts "poured out" in the latter two authors as well as in Luke. No man can be wrong in this part of the communion service who repeats from Luke, "This cup is the new covenant in my blood, even that which is poured out for you." The use of the words "broken" and "shed" then should be discontinued at the Lord's table.

A College President Pleads for Unity

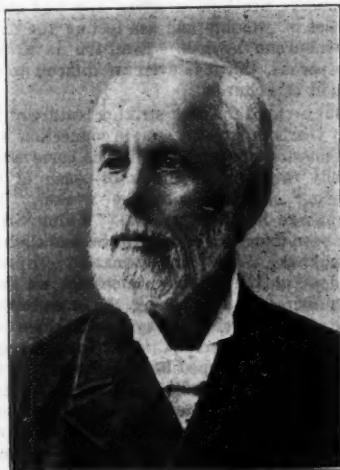
In harmony with the tenor of Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall's remarkable address at the Manchester meeting of the American Board last year, was President Seelye's injunction to the graduating class at Smith College. After pointing out that while in college, Trinitarians and Unitarians, Roman Catholics and Protestants, Christians and non-Christians have worked harmoniously to promote reverence for whatever is true and good to help those in trouble and to supply the wants of the destitute, he urged his graduates to con-

tinue to stand for the same catholicity of spirit which they had shown in college. Moreover, he added:

"During this century the United States are to be brought into closer relations with peoples who have been called pagans and heathen than ever before in our national history. Let us learn to respect any manifestation of God's love in them, and not to be so anxious to secure from them a nominal conformity to Christian customs as to cultivate in them the temper and spirit of Him who taught us to love our neighbors as ourselves. Let us never forget the lesson of our text, that the children of God are to be known not by the maintenance of distinctive rituals, nor by adherence to ecclesiastical formulae, but by the faith that works by love and purifies the heart. The church of the future will not win the victory over unbelief by superior wealth, nor by superior numbers, but by such manifestation of self-sacrificing love in the lives of its members that men will be constrained to worship the Divine Glory by which the human life is transfigured."

A Notable Berkshire Pastorate

Berkshire is noted for long pastorates, and that of Dr. L. S. Rowland, already in the twenty-eighth year of active, continuous ministry to the First Church of Lee, is not only in keeping with the best traditions of the county, but of the church named. Three pastorates in the history of the county passed



REV. L. S. ROWLAND, D. D.

the half-century mark; three were prolonged to forty years and over; twelve extended to thirty years and more; twelve filled more than two decades, and nine have lasted from ten to twenty years. In the Lee church Dr. Hyde served 1792-1833; Dr. Gale, 1853-76, and Dr. Rowland since 1877. A touching fact is that in many instances these village pastors have been buried in the quiet cemeteries adjoining or near the churches where they so long ministered.

Lyman S. Rowland was born in Oxford, Mass., 1829; graduated from Amherst 1858 with valedictory honors, remaining two years longer as tutor. Graduation from Andover, 1863, was followed by a year's study in Germany. He was professor at Beloit 1868-71, and had pastorates at Bangor, Me., and Saratoga, N. Y., before coming to Lee. The twenty-fifth anniversary of Dr. Rowland's pastorate at Lee was fittingly celebrated two years ago. This long pastoral service has been unusually productive in rich and gratifying results, despite the fact that the town of Lee has suffered somewhat from the business and census standpoints, and also despite the pastor's increasing physical infirmities. It was Dr. Rowland's own proposition, at the recent twenty-seventh anniversary of his settlement over this church, that he should be provided with an assistant, voluntarily relinquishing a part of his salary to make this possible. The church has just secured for this position Mr. Henry W. Smith, a recent graduate of Union Seminary, and he will take up his work in September.

Dr. Rowland has been widely known and generously honored throughout the state. Twenty years ago his *Alma Mater* conferred upon him the degree of D. D. He has long been corporate member of

the American Board. He is the oldest living charter member of the Endeavor Society, and proudly wears a jeweled C. E. pin presented by his young people a few years ago as a token of affection and a mark of his unique position in the society. Dr. Rowland is a man of intense convictions, earnest purpose and lofty ideals. To dignity and scholarship he adds a delicious sense of humor, and is a rarely delightful *compagnon du voyage*. Attacked by incurable disease a few years ago he has persistently, heroically commended himself as a minister of God while "in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses." Dr. Rowland has lived to see his children settled in useful positions upon their emergence from college halls, and at his even-time, with the fellowship of God and a happy retrospect, all is light.

R. DEW. M.

The Pilgrim League

PLAN OF CAMPAIGN FOR THE PROMOTION OF FAMILY RELIGION

(Drawn up by Rev. James P. O'Brien, Kansas City, Mo.)

1. Place the entire matter of family worship, religious instruction and Bible reading before your official board, and enlist their co-operation.
2. Present the matter to your people in a strong sermon.
3. On the same day let the matter come up in the Sunday school.
4. Form a league of the members of your church and congregation who have or will agree to have family worship—not a hard and fast organization, but a group who are doing this thing.
5. For the purpose of securing the names of those who will enter into this movement use the inclosed card, in the seats or as may be desirable. The card is not a pledge, but simply an indication of what you are doing or intend to do.

The following form is submitted as a suitable one:

PILGRIM LEAGUE

THE CHURCH IN THY HOUSE

Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, we do or will endeavor to maintain Family Worship in our home and will try to make it through Prayer, Scripture Reading and Religious Instruction a household of God.

Signed: _____

6. Use booklets bearing upon the subject.
7. Appoint an effective committee who shall co-operate with the pastor in advancing this cause, seeking to enlist every family in the church.
8. Bring the matter in wise ways from time to time before your people.
9. Report the results of the work in your field so that those who have occasion to do so may use them in promoting the movement elsewhere.

A Decade in Portland, Me.

Among the changes in Portland churches which have come thick and fast during the past two years none has been the occasion of more sincere regret than the resignation of Rev. Rollin T. Hack, at Second Parish Church, which took effect June 26. Mr. Hack came to Portland from Belfast, Me., his first parish, nearly ten years ago. Both these pastorates have been marked for the specially close relationship of affection existing between pastor and people. Mr. Hack possesses the personal magnetism and ability to put himself into sympathy with others which win the warm regard and devotion of those among whom he works. The large number of families connected with the Second Parish Church makes the pastoral work somewhat exacting, but while all its demands have been met pulp work has never been slighted. Mr. Hack has always been one of the strong preachers of the city, progressive in thought, vigorous in language, earnest in appeal. A high level of efficiency in all lines of church work has characterized his ten years' ministry. He has been ever alert to changing conditions and new needs, and planning future activity and development. That all this has been appreciated by the church and parish is shown by the earnest efforts made to retain him. He will not settle elsewhere during the summer, but will stay at his country place in Alfred, Me., supplying or keeping supplied the pulpit of the Second Parish Church.

A. F. E.

The Christian religion means one thing and one thing only: eternal life in the midst of time by the strength and under the eyes of God.—*Adolf Harnack*.

A Broadside of Summer Arrangements

Where and How Pastors Rest. New Voices in Their Pulpits.

Boston

Old South. Dr. Gordon is in Europe and Mr. Cross, the assistant pastor, will spend the summer in New Hampshire or camping in northern Vermont. These clergymen will supply the pulpit: July 10-31, Rev. Messrs. S. E. Herrick, D. D., Prof. J. D. Genung, Rev. W. F. Stearns, Rev. B. W. Lockhart. Aug. 7-28, Rev. D. Evans, Dr. M. Burnham, Rev. C. A. Dinsmore, Rev. E. L. Clark.

St. Vernon will close until Sept. 10. Dr. Herrick rests at Seal Harbor, Me.

Central will close throughout the summer.

Park Street. Dr. Withrow goes to Bass Rocks. Supplies will include Dr. F. H. Rowley, Rev. R. P. Hibbard, Dr. G. R. Leavitt, Rev. A. P. Pratt.

Shawmut and Union unite in Shawmut's house of worship. Dr. McElveen spends July at Alton Bay, N. H., August at Pleasant Lake, Mass. Supplies: July 17, Prof. J. W. Platner; Aug. 7, Dr. Arthur Little; Aug. 28, Rev. C. L. Storrs.

Berkeley Temple will be open every day, continuing all services. July 10 Mr. Stockdale will preach; July 17-Aug. 28, Mr. Kelsey will preach or provide a substitute. Mr. Stockdale rests in Truro, Mass.; Mr. Kelsey at Windham, Ct., for month beginning Aug. 20.

Phillips keeps open doors during July, and in August will unite with St. John's M. E. Church. Mr. Dinsmore goes to the Maine woods.

Seaman's keeps open house all summer. Chaplain Steele will not take a vacation, but will conduct the Sunday and Wednesday services; those on Friday will be in charge of Deacon McDonald.

Norwegian will continue its preaching services, the pastor, Rev. L. J. Pedersen, supplying except July 15-Aug. 15, during which he will visit churches in the West.

Olivet and St. Mark's will continue all services.

Faneuil will close during August. Mr. Mulnix goes to Randolph, N. H.

Trinity (Neponset) will unite, as usual, with Methodists and Baptists, each pastor being responsible for two Sundays. Mr. Washburn summers at Concord, Mass., supplying neighboring churches in August.

Roslindale keeps open doors. Mr. Alexander goes to his summer home in Goshen, N. H., and to Sagamore Beach.

CHARLESTOWN

Winthrop and First (Cong'l) and *Trinity* (M. E.) hold union services during July and August. Specifications follow. July 10: A. M., First Parish, P. M., Trinity, Rev. E. T. Curnick, D. D.; (17) A. M., First Parish, Rev. W. H. Rollins, P. M., Trinity, Y. M. C. A. Night, J. P. Moore, New York; (24) A. M., Winthrop, Rev. D. H. Gerrish, P. M., Trinity, Chaplain Barnes, Mass. State Prison; (31) A. M., Winthrop, Rev. W. B. Seabury, P. M., Trinity, Young People's Night, Mr. Arthur I. Macy; Aug. 7: A. M., Winthrop, P. M., Trinity, Rev. C. H. Washburn; (14) A. M., Trinity, Rev. H. I. Torbet, P. M., Winthrop, Mr. A. E. Gazley; (21) A. M., Trinity, P. M., Winthrop, Rev. Peter MacQueen; (28) A. M., Trinity, P. M., Winthrop, Dr. W. B. Forbush. The last two pastors named spend their vacation abroad.

DORCHESTER

Second continues all services throughout the summer. Dr. Little, having recently returned from a trip to the Pacific coast, will preach regularly in his own pulpit.

Pilgrim unites with Baker Memorial M. E. and Stoughton Street Baptist for six weeks, in Endeavor work and midweek prayer meetings as well as in preaching services. Dr. Albright summers at Brightwood Camp, Big Moose Lake, N. Y. Supplies: July 24, Pilgrim Church, Rev. E. R. Evans; 31, Baker Memorial, Dr. E. E. Ayers; Aug. 7, Stoughton Street, Dr. J. K. Wilson; 14, Pilgrim, Dr. W. A. Waterman; 21, Baker Memorial, Dr. Samuel Dick; 28, Stoughton Street, Dr. A. G. Upham. The first three Sundays in July they unite in the evening only: July 10, Baker Church, Dr. E. P. Farnham; 17, Stoughton Street, Dr. Albright.

Harvard closes during August. Mr. Beale will spend most of his vacation at home.

EAST BOSTON

Maverick remains open all summer, continuing its regular services. The new pastor, Rev. Paul Rader, will preach.

Baker continues all services through the summer. Mr. Young camps at Oakland, Me. Supplies: July 10, Rev. F. M. Sprague; 17, Rev. Joshua Colt (A. M.),

Dr. F. E. Emrich (P. M.); Aug. 7, 14, Rev. S. R. Smiley.

JAMAICA PLAIN

Central unites with the Baptists, closing each building three Sundays. Supplies: July 10-31, Rev. H. E. Barnes, Drs. W. M. Kincaid, C. L. Morgan, W. A. Bartlett; Aug. 7, Rev. R. B. Grover; Sept. 4, 11, Dr. W. A. Waterman.

Boylston keeps open. Mr. Barker spends his vacation at Three Rivers, Mass. August supplies: Rev. Alden Burnham, Rev. F. A. Wilson; (21, 28), Rev. E. W. Snow.

ROXBURY

Elliot and Immanuel unite with *Dudley Street Baptist*, meeting with the last-named church. Supplies include Dr. C. I. Scofield and Rev. C. B. Myers. Mr. Rhodes goes to the Connecticut Hills and to Maine.

Walnut Avenue unites for six weeks with the Presbyterians and Free Baptists, services being held in its own building Aug. 7, 14. Dr. Plumb will remain at home or within call.

Highland keeps open doors all summer. Supplies, Aug. 7-21: Drs. C. L. Kloss and J. E. Tuttle, Rev. F. H. Allen. Mr. Campbell summers at South West Harbor, Mt. Desert.

The Suburbs

ARLINGTON

First closes during August. Mr. Bushnell takes his outing at Long Lake, Adirondacks.

Arlington Heights remains open. Mr. Taylor goes to East Jaffrey, N. H.

BROOKLINE

Harvard continues its morning service, with preaching by the assistant pastor, Rev. O. D. Sewall. Dr. Thomas spends the summer in England.

Leyden closes July 17-Aug. 28. Mr. Hale summers on an island in Casco Bay.

BRAINTREE

South closes during August. Mr. Crathern spends part of July camping in Maine; August in New Hampshire. The pastor and Rev. G. F. Merriam supply July 24, 31.

CAMBRIDGE

Hope keeps open through the summer, holding union services Sunday evenings under leadership of Y. P. S. C. E. Mr. Grover summers in Amherst, Mass.

CHELSEA

Central and First unite, worshipping in Central's building in July and in that of First during August. Dr. Higgins goes to Sunapee Lake, N. H. July supplies: 10, 31, Rev. A. M. Hyde; 17, 24, Rev. A. E. Kelgwin of Newark, N. J.

Third continues all services. Mr. Pratt visits the Maine coast, at Friendship and Monhegan. Supplies will probably include Drs. Withrow and Plumb, Rev. Messrs. McMillan, Cook and Evans.

DEDHAM

First always keeps open the year around. Mr. Rudd rests at his old home on Long Island and at Richmond in the Berkshire Hills. Supplies, Aug. 14-Sept. 4: Rev. Messrs. E. L. Chute, J. S. Voorhees, W. B. Seabury (missionary-elect to China), J. L. Keedy.

EVERETT

First unites with the Methodists, Mr. Sweet preaching in their pulpit in July and their pastor, Mr. Jones, preaching in ours through August.

Mystic Side continues all services, with preaching by Rev. F. H. Allen and others. Mr. Percival summers at Sag Harbor, N. Y., exchanging parsonage and work with the pastor.

HYDE PARK

Congregational, Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian churches hold union services in July and August, maintaining separate prayer meetings and Sunday schools. Each minister preaches two Sundays and has pastoral care of all the churches during his fortnight.

LYNN

Central keeps open, making its evening service informal. Mr. Weeden goes to Lower Bartlett, N. H. August supplies, Rev. Messrs. G. A. Tewksbury (14, 21), H. E. Barnes; C. C. Watson.

North never closes. Mr. Covell spends his vacation in Pohasset, Mass., and St. Louis, Mo.

MALDEN

Maplewood maintains its work through vacation. Dr. Macfarland spends the summer abroad, preaching in England and Scotland. Supplies, July 10, 17, Drs. R. A. Beard, F. E. Emrich; 24, 31, Dr. R. C. Houghton; August, Rev. James Elvin, assistant pastor, will preach at union service in chapel; Sept. 4-25, Mr. Elvin, Dr. Houghton, Sec. E. S. Tead, Rev. H. A. Bridgman.

Swedish continues all services. Mr. Holmbloed will remain at home. The pulpit will be supplied by Mr. Gerhard Palmgren, a student from Chicago Seminary.

MEDFORD

Mystic will hold union services with the Baptists and Methodists six Sundays, two in each edifice. Supply, July 10, 17, Rev. R. W. Wallace.

West Medford holds union services with Methodists and Baptists July 22-Aug. 28. Mr. Yorke will go to Alton Bay, Lake Winnepesaukee, to follow the apostolic pursuit of fishing. Supply, Aug. 7, Rev. F. D. Sargent.

MELROSE

Highlands continues its services. Mr. Leavitt goes to Melvin Village, Lake Winnepesaukee.

NEWTON

First (Newton Center) joins in union services during July and August with Baptists and Methodists, each church furnishing preacher, ushers choir, organist and calendar for three Sundays. Congregational supplies, Aug. 7-21: Drs. H. P. Dewey, H. A. Stimson, F. E. Sturgis. Mr. Noyes spends the summer in Europe.

Elliot remains open. Dr. W. H. Davis goes to his summer home, The Binnacle, at Harwichport. Supplies, July 17-Sept. 4: Drs. E. C. Moore, H. P. Dewey, C. L. Morgan, R. W. McLaughlin, Rev. C. F. Swift, Drs. W. M. Kincaid, H. A. Patrick and L. M. Clark.

Highlands continues all but the evening service. Dr. Smart spends his vacation in northern Maine. *North* also keeps open doors. Mr. Oxnard goes to Portland, Me.

QUINCY

Bethany continues all services. Mr. Hardy rests at his summer home in Nelson, N. H. Supplies: July 24-Aug. 28, Rev. Messrs. D. W. Waldron, Archibald McCord, D. D., W. O. Conrad, W. W. Sleeper, N. T. Dyer, William Clements.

Wollaston unites with the Baptists July 10-Aug. 28. Supplies: July 10-31, Rev. E. A. Chase; Aug. 7-28, Rev. Edmund Webber. Mr. Chase goes to Marshfield, Mass.

Swedish will be open all summer, and the pastor will supply the pulpit. Mr. Swanstrom will spend his vacation among the members of the church.

Finnish also keeps open. Rev. Andrew Groop will preach alternate Sundays and John Waananen between times. Mr. Henriksen will spend his vacation as a traveling preacher and will prepare a new field for new workers.

Park and Downs will stay open all summer. Mr. Megathlin seeks recreation in the Berkshire Hills.

SOMERVILLE

First (Franklin St.) holds union services with the Baptists during July and August. Mr. Thompson goes to New Hampshire or Vermont.

SWAMPSCOTT

Here the summer residents augment the attendance during the warm months; hence the new pastor, Rev. G. H. Johnson, will be at his post during July and August, visiting Maine and New Hampshire in late autumn.

WAKEFIELD

All activities continue except Junior Endeavor. Mr. Davis will spend part of his vacation on the Maine coast. August supplies will be: Drs. W. M. Kincaid, H. H. Walker, Asher Anderson, Mr. G. H. Driver of Yale Seminary.

WALTHAM

Swedish will remain open all summer, the pastor, Rev. Peter Lindstrom, supplying the pupil.

WATERTOWN

Phillips continues all services, while Mr. Porter takes an outing in Maine and Nova Scotia. Supplies: Mr. S. M. Sayford, Rev. Messrs. G. A. Tewksbury, F. B. Lyman, H. E. Bray, J. W. Ballantine.

WEYMOUTH

First's church building will be in the hands of carpenters and painters, but the evening service will continue, and the midweek meeting will be in charge of deacons. Mr. Haughton goes to St. John, N. B., and Louisville, Ky.

Old South will attend Union's services in July and reopen Aug. 1. As Mr. Alvord spent six weeks at Nassau in the spring, he will remain in or about Weymouth through the summer, supplying his own pulpit except, perhaps, for one Sunday.

East closes only for first two Sundays in August. Mr. Bradford goes to Birch Island, Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H.

Pilgrim (North Weymouth) discontinues preaching services the last three Sundays in July. Mr. Vincent visits Meriden and Rocky Hill, Ct.

Union (South Weymouth) closes the first three Sundays in August. Dr. W. H. Bolster will preach Aug. 28. Mr. Kimball goes to Plymouth, Mass., and Portland, Me.

WOBURN

First continues all services throughout the summer. Dr. Norton sailed for Europe June 30, for a three months' tour. Supplies: July 3 and alternate Sundays thereafter, Dr. Daniel March; 10, Dr. J. E. Tuttle; 24, Prof. D. H. Colcord; Aug. 7, Rev. F. H. Allen; 21, Rev. E. F. Wheeler; Sept. 4, Rev. E. E. Keedy; 18, Dr. W. E. Griffls.

(Further announcements will appear next week.)

Church and Ministerial Record

Calls

ANDREWSON, ANDREW J., Maple Valley and Pulcifer, Wis., to Scand. Ch., Racine. Accepts.

BARNES, ORVILLE A., Standish, Mich., to Cooper. Accepts.

BENTALL, ALFRED, Sherman, Mich., to Honor and Homestead. Accepts.

CLARK, CHAS., Ward Hill Ch., Haverhill, Mass., accepts call to Millers Falls.

ELKINS, GROVE F., Mianus Ch., Greenwich, Ct., to Second Ch., Millbury, Mass. Accepts, beginning work in October.

EWING, GEO. H., Yarmouth, Mass., accepts call to First Ch., Norwich, Ct.

FISH, SAM'L E., Moorhead, Minn., to Getchells, N. D. Accepts.

FOWLES, RAYMOND A., Monson, Me., to Greenville.

GERRIE, JOHN P., late of Toronto, Ont., to his former church, Stratford.

HAUGLAND, LARS, Chicago Sem., to Maple Valley and Pulcifer, Wis. Accepts.

INVRIE, A. B., for one year at Lake Shore, and Ebenezer, Ont.

KNIGHT, FRED'K T., N. Stamford, Ct., accepts call to Rockdale Ch., Northbridge, Mass.

LEONARD, ARTHUR E., Royalton, Wis., to Columbus.

LONG, BYRON R., Mayflower Ch., Columbus, O., to First Ch., Ashtabula. Accepts.

MANAVIAN, GARABED M., Spring Valley, Wis., to Armenian Ch., Worcester, Mass. Accepts.

MATTHEWS, NEWMAN, Randolph, N. Y., to Kane, Pa. Accepts, beginning Sept. 1.

MINNIS, THOS. W., Minot, N. D., to Glen Ullin. Accepts.

PACKARD, EDW. N., Plymouth Ch., Syracuse, N. Y., accepts call to Stratford, Ct.

ROBERTS, HARRI P., Shawnee, O., to Second Ch., Wilkesbarre, Pa. Accepts.

SIMPSON, ALEX., Lee Center, Ill., to Shaw, in connection with Lee Center. Accepts.

SMITH, CHAS. W., Getchells, N. D., to Melville and Edmunds. Accepts.

SWAIN, CARL J., Sauk Rapids, Minn., to Excelsior. Accepts.

WARD, HIRAM Q., Hardwick, Vt., to Orford and Orfordville, N. H. Accepts.

WILDER, CHAS. S., Limington, Me., to E. Longmeadow, Mass. Accepts.

WILSON, DAVID L., Fort Fairfield, Me., to First Ch., Belfast.

Ordinations and Installations

BAKER, ALBERT S., o. Union Ch., Boston, Mass., June 22. Sermon, Rev. Dr. S. A. Norton; other parts, Rev. Drs. C. B. Rice, S. L. Loomis, Rev. B. L. Yorke.

BROWN, ROBT E., Yale Sem., o. Pilgrim Ch., New Haven, Ct., June 15. Sermon, Rev. Artemas J. Haynes; other parts, Rev. Messrs. D. J. Clark, I. W. Sneath, W. J. Mutch.

CARTER, RAY F., o. Southington, Ct., June 28. Sermon, Prof. J. E. Fraime; other parts, Rev.

Messrs. C. B. F. Pease, F. Q. Blanchard, Prof. E. H. Knight.

GATES, HERBERT W., librarian and instructor in Chicago Sem., o. Leavitt St. Ch., June 3. Sermon, Rev. Dr. W. A. Bartlett; other parts, Rev. Messrs. R. B. Guild, B. S. Winchester, F. G. Smith, Dr. G. S. F. Savage.

HOFSTEAD, H. O., } o. N. Anson, Me., June 20. Sermon, Dr. Smith Baker; other parts, Rev. Messrs. B. B. Merrill, C. F. Sargent, C. D. Boothby, W. A. Richmond, Chas. Harbutt, G. H. Hull, Dr. D. N. Beach.

MEANS, OLIVER W., t. Emmanuel Ch., Springfield, Mass., June 28. Addresses, Rev. Messrs. D. B. Pratt, S. H. Woodrow, Dr. P. S. Moxom; other parts, Rev. Messrs. J. L. Kilbon, R. M. Taft, D. L. Kebbe, T. H. Hawks, Dr. F. E. Emrich.

WINDROSS, THOS. B., o. Anamoose, N. D., June 23. Sermon, Rev. W. W. Hartsough; other parts, Supts. E. H. Stickney, G. J. Powell and Rev. Messrs. D. Neuenschwander and E. S. Shaw.

Resignations

BARNES, ORVILLE A., Standish, Mich.

BENTALL, ALFRED, Sherman, Mich.

CROSS, WM. L., Sebastopol, Cal.

DASEY, JONATHAN C., W. Guthrie, Okl.

EWING, GEO. H., Yarmouth, Mass.

FEHLANDT, AUGUST F., Lone Rock and Bear Valley, Wis. Enters temperance work.

FERRIS, HIRAM J., Columbus, Wis.

FOSTER, JOHN, Lawton, Okl.

FOWLES, RAYMOND A., Monson, Me.

HAY, ROBT, Margaree, N. S., to return to Watford, Ont., in October.

KNIGHT, FRED'K T., N. Stamford, Ct.

LONG, BYRON R., Mayflower Ch., Columbus, O.

MANAVIAN, GARABED M., Spring Valley, Wis.

PACKARD, EDWARD N., Plymouth Ch., Syracuse, N. Y., after 17 years of service.

POTTER, W. McLELLAN, Bethhold, N. D.

ROBERTS, HARRI P., Shawnee, O.

STEVENS, THOS. E., Central Park, Chicago, Ill.

Personals

BAILEY, J. WEBSTER, Ft. Wayne, Ind., was recently elected president of the Indiana C. E. Association.

GARDNER, AUSTIN, Wilmington, Ct., with his wife celebrated their golden wedding June 28. Gifts and letters were received from friends in all the former parishes.

JAMISON, HENRY W., and wife, of Beresford, S. D., were surprised by their parishioners on the tenth anniversary of their wedding. Tinware and a sum of money were left as a souvenir of a pleasant evening.

Church Happenings

GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS., Rev. L. D. Bliss, has been incorporated.

Dismissions

PARK, WM. E., Gloversville, N. Y., June 28.

Churches Organized and Recognized

MATINICUS, ME., rec. 2 June, 18 members.

Marriages

LESLEY-LEIGHTON—At the home of Mr. and Mrs. James M. Leighton, parents of the bride, in Perry, Me., by Rev. Sidney K. B. Perkins, Hugh Lesley and Luella Leighton, both of Philadelphia, Pa.

Deaths

The charge for notices of deaths is twenty-five cents. Each additional line ten cents, counting eight words to a line. The money should be sent with the notice.

BACON—In Harvard, Mass., June 17, Caroline E. Bacon, wife of Deacon J. W. Bacon.

MONTAGUE—In Portland, Me., June 20, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. W. Brown, Mrs. Rhoda B. Montague of Brookfield, Mass., aged 84 years.

CHARLES D. CRAWFORD

Rev. Charles D. Crawford, who died recently in New York city, after completing his college course, studied theology at Yale Divinity School. He had been pastor of churches in Colorado, Kansas City, Little Compton, R. I., and Meadville, Pa. He was a faithful preacher, a kind pastor and a Christian gentleman. He came near realizing the ideal described in the thirteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians. He was not puffed up, did not behave himself unseemly, sought not his own, was not easily provoked, vaunted not himself, rejoiced not in unrighteousness, and was very kind and helpful in his visitations of the sick.

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Opened, it is large enough for a center table; closed, it is small enough for a wall shelf. There are handles in the side frame to carry it readily to any part of the house. It is capitally arranged for serving a tea or light lunch. It makes an ideal study or game table. There is a center shelf and excellent chair space in the underframing.

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Tangles

42. CHARADE

Lady Clare sits all alone,
Care or sorrow has she none;
Naught to cloud her deep blue eye,
Naught to make her FIRST or sigh.

Lady Clare has naught to do,
Only pleasure's smile to woo;
There's no SECOND in the land
For her white and silken hand.

Lady Clare is Clifford's heir,
Diamonds rare she has to wear;
And her home's a stately Hall,
Rich with blazonry and ALL.

Gazing long o'er sea and land,
With her brow upon her hand,
Knowing naught of grief or strife,
Lady Clare is tired of life.

JOE AMORY.

43. CATS AND DOGS

(Replace the emphasized words with others beginning with either cat or dog.)

Fido and Tabby lived a cat and dog life in the region around the SUBTERRANEAN VAULTS of Rome. One evening puss was trying to catch AN AMERICAN THRUSH nesting in a BIGNONIA TREE when Fido came up and made a STUBBORN attack upon her. It was in spring, and THE INFLORESCENCE of the willows, and the large white flowers of the CORNUS were to be seen, while the buds of the NATIVE AMERICAN grape, and those of the WILD BRAMBLE were swelling, though they would not be in bloom much before the HEATED TERM of summer was here. It was between the time of day which the sailors call the second TWO HOURS WATCH and the time for SIRIUS to be seen in the sky, but the air was fine, and two ladies, Spaniards, or rather NATIVES OF A PROVINCE IN SPAIN, were driving out in a TWO WHEELED VEHICLE and passed a young student or a NEOPHYTE of the Church of Rome, poring over the TENETS of his church in a book somewhat old and ROLLED AT THE CORNERS. He also had with him his BOOK OF INSTRUCTION, and was reading and answering its questions. His health was very poor, as he not only had a DISCHARGE FROM THE HEAD, and was subject to SPASMODIC SEIZURES, but was going blind in one eye from A HORNY GROWTH. He also had with him a LIST of the saints of his church. The ladies ceased humming the FOOLISH VERSES they were singing, and called his attention to the cat and dog, the former looking as fierce as a PUMA about to spring on the bird, and puss herself in the same PRECIPITANT of doomed victims, owing to the dog being about to hurl himself like AN ANCIENT ENGINE OF WAR upon her.

Now the poor theologian, though so fierce as a TEACHER OF DOCTRINE, was as tender-hearted as possible, and would not see even a WOOLY GRUB hurt unnecessarily, and he rushed to prevent such AN OVERWHELMING FLOOD of destruction as the death of the two creatures, perhaps foreseeing the day not long distant when his own form would be stretched upon the FUNERAL BIER, and so the CALAMITOUS DENOUEMENT was prevented, and the youth, feeling quite happy over his success, went home to his supper of polenta and TOMATO SAUCE.

DOROTHEA.

ANSWERS

39. Rap-i-dan.
40. Verse, serve, sever, veers.
41. SchumanN, HalE, Andrew, KeY, EugenIE, SousA, PasteurE, EberS, Alfred, RebecéA, EllerY. Initials—Shakespeare; finals—New Year's Day.

Recent excellent solutions are acknowledged from: Nillor, Middletown Springs, Vt., to 39, 40, 41; L. B. S., Everett, Mass., 39, 41; Mrs. E. E. Cole, Boston, Mass., 35, 36, 38; D. N., Providence, R. I., 41; Amelia H. Somers, Omaha, Neb., 34; Miss G. E. Low, Whitinsville, Mass., 34.

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An Indiana Deputation

WHAT THE MEMBERS SAW IN HOME MISSIONARY FIELDS

In accordance with a plan made at the State Association meeting at Kokomo, a deputation from the board of directors of the Indiana Home Missionary Society met June 14 in Corydon to visit the Harrison County mission field along the Ohio River. In this quaint town, the first capital of the state, stands the old stone Capitol and the "Constitutional Elm," under whose spreading branches the Constitutional Convention of Indiana was held in 1816—a tree whose trunk is five feet through and whose branches measure from tip to tip 124 feet. Rev. J. H. Crum of Indianapolis, Rev. C. W. Choate of Kokomo and Rev. O. L. Kiplinger of Michigan City composed the deputation, which made this journey without expense to the churches.

A home missionary, Rev. P. O. Fulgham, was on hand, and we started out for a fourteen-mile drive over "the pike," a good stone road to Central, the home of this pastor. At the parsonage we found a dinner of fat meat, boiled potatoes, lettuce, rice, corn bread and buttermilk, good enough for any man. We enjoyed that dinner, but I can assure you that it was a better one than the missionary has every day, for I learned incidentally that the meat and buttermilk had been contributed by neighbors in honor of the occasion.

After supper we inquired about the time of service, for I expected to preach that night. The pastor said, "O, church will begin when the people get here, and there will be a large audience." After dark they came, on foot, on horseback and in all sorts of vehicles. I began to wonder when they would stop. And the greatest marvel of all was the vast majority

of men and boys who had worked hard all day long on the hillside and sink hole farms. After the sermon a business meeting was held, with reports from the pastor and all branches of the work.

Next morning we visited Beechwood, nine miles away. Four miles of this road was the roughest we had ever seen. Two Sundays each month the pastor preaches at Central morning and evening and at Beechwood in the afternoon, requiring an eighteen-mile drive. Here we held a morning meeting, followed by a basket dinner and business meeting. In both these fields we found conditions hard and discouraging. But the way in which a good brother at Beechwood came up and said with tears in his voice, "You men ain't going to cut us out, are you?" would have melted hearts a good deal harder than those of directors of home missionary societies.

In the afternoon we drove thirteen miles to Cedarwood, where we found the best work, the most intelligent and enthusiastic people and the most visible results from home missionary money and effort. The church is the only one within a radius of four miles. It is as neat a country meeting house as I ever saw, a credit to any community. It was made over from an abandoned, dilapidated Dutch Reformed church, largely by the pastor's own hands. On account of its former ownership it will always be known locally as "The Heidelberg Church."

The home missionary is a fine specimen of manhood, thirty-nine years old, six feet, two inches tall, and blessed with the ability to do and endure. This splendid physical equipment, coupled with a great heart and a profound belief in the value of the work he is doing make him a power for good. His daily example, if he preached not at all, teaching respect for labor and loyalty to the simple virtues—temperance, industry and integrity—would be worth much to the people.

His family consists of a wife and six children. The youngest child is three weeks old, and the eldest eleven years, a poor cripple whose intellect is counted the brightest in his school. On the day we were at the parsonage this little fellow said, "Mamma, you will surely let me sit at the table with the preachers, for you know I am going to be a preacher when I get big."

The missionary's salary is \$400 and parsonage. The people raise \$250. This seems little, but the people are not well-to-do. The soil is red clay covered by a thin coat of loam which in wet seasons washes off the hillsides and the farmers can cultivate only little patches in the foothills. Naturally they have little above bare necessities.

How the missionary can live, even if he gets every dollar promised, is a larger problem than I can solve. I found him carrying in his pocket a prescription given by the doctor for his wife. He had not the money with which to get it filled. On the day this good brother took us back to the railroad station one of his horses was taken sick while in the harness, reared up and fell, breaking buggy tongue and harness. It proved to be spinal disease and the horse cannot be used again. What this means to the missionary may not be appreciated by the casual reader. In wet seasons one horse cannot pull him over those bad roads. Out of his meager salary he certainly cannot buy another horse. Without a team he cannot carry on his work. If there is a layman or a church able and willing to give this worthy laborer a horse it will be a gift well bestowed. The people of this hard field will make a special effort to enlarge the pastor's salary, the churches of Kokomo and Michigan City will make up a balance of fifty dollars and the last named church will send a box of clothing and household articles.

Certain it is that the visit of the home missionary deputation was fruitful in bringing some immediate assistance to the pastor; it was an assurance of fellowship to pastor and

Continued on page 71.

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"There's a reason."

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

An Indiana Deputation

(Continued from page 70.)

people; it helped the people to see that they could do a little more than they had been doing, and it gave the visiting brethren many new things to be thankful for.

It also suggests a method of missionary advance. Let the Home Missionary Society select from among pastors a healthy, large-hearted, broad-minded, cultured man, tactful and businesslike; let him travel up and down the state, encouraging pastors and churches and forming a vital connecting link between the missionary churches and those to which the society must appeal for support. Such a man would do a work impossible to the secretary in his office. Not "more churches," but "better churches," is the need of Indiana, and such a worker would help to get them.

O. L. K.

Other Nominations for Moderator

Permit me to place in nomination one whose name has long been known among Congregational churches, and whose services for many years have been given unselfishly to the good of our order. He opened the National Council at Portland, Ore., and was a member of the provisional committee appointed 1898-1901, becoming its chairman. During that *interim* he devoted a large part of his valuable time to work necessary to be done in connection with the reorganization of our Ministerial Relief Fund, and made imperative through the death of the council's secretary, Dr. Hazen. Mr. Wellman is the son of a widely known and devoted Congregational minister, a lawyer of high repute, a lecturer upon law in institutions about Boston. He rendered conspicuous service in the Massachusetts legislature during his term as senator. For many years he has identified himself with the interests of the churches both in this community and at large, and was favorably mentioned for the moderatorship of the council at Portland, Me.

If the council is disposed to favor the plan of alternating between the clergy and laity in

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"Certainly this is the greatest food I ever struck. It gave me strength and ambition and courage and I try to do all the good I can telling people what it has done for me. Many of my neighbors use it and are doing fine."

"I had the grip the latter part of the winter and for four weeks ate absolutely nothing but Grape-Nuts and came out of the sickness nicely. That will show you how strong and sturdy I am. Truly it is wonderful food to do such things for one of my age." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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the selection of moderators (and we think the method should be adhered to), I nominate Hon. Arthur H. Wellman of Boston.

Boston, June 30.

THOMAS TODD.

Justice Brewer of Washington, D. C., is, in my judgment, the ideal candidate for moderator. A foremost layman of our denomination, occupying one of the highest positions of the National Government, familiar with all our best traditions and in cordial sympathy with our highest ideals; as its presiding officer he would at once give the council a judicial character so essential for considering the questions to come before it, and throughout wider circles than our own denomination would make clear that Congregationalists still move upon the high plane of ripe intellectual culture, dominated by earnest evangelical enthusiasm.

Kansas City, Mo. ALBERT BUSHNELL.

I nominate Dr. Joseph E. Roy of Chicago. He is the Nestor of Chicago Congregationalism, that stronghold of seventy-three churches of our faith, the largest of any city in the land. He is known only to be loved in every Pilgrim home in the South. He preserves in himself the best traditions of the East, and is one of the finest products of Congregationalism in this generation. He is a living force throughout the entire West, knowing the brethren face to face. Having served successfully as pastor, missionary and secretary, and now enjoying his *emeritus* from them all, he is fitted by experience to enter into a broad and living sympathy with our churches and prove the leader they need in this reconstructive period.

Atlanta, Ga.

H. H. PROCTOR.

A Tripartite Conference in Missouri

A conference of about ninety churches, representing the United Brethren and Methodist Protestants north of the Missouri River in Missouri and the Congregationalists of Kidder and Hannibal Associations, with the churches of Kansas City, Mo., was held in Brookfield, Mo., June 21-23. The homes of the United Brethren and Congregationalists were opened to the delegates, and the services were held in the two churches. Rev. A. J. Wolf, M. P., was chosen moderator and Rev. O. P. Garlock secretary of the Joint Council. There was a full program with ample discussion. The leading speakers were Rev. J. D. Dessinger, Chancellor D. S. Stephens, D. D., Drs. A. K. Wray and Albert Bushnell and Rev. C. F. Stimson, who has recently entered upon the pastorate of Westminster Congregational Church, Kansas City.

The object of the gathering was better acquaintance and closer fellowship, with consequent fuller understanding, in view of the proposed union of the three denominations. The spirit of the gathering was fine, and the desire for union with a belief in its feasibility seemed universal.

A committee was appointed to arrange for such future gatherings as might seem desirable after the meeting of the National Council at Des Moines and the United Brethren Conference next spring.

J. P. O'B.

At the recent Andover anniversary Dr. Richards of New York brought down the house by telling the story of his New Jersey neighbor who was interrupted in writing his Christmas sermon by the arrival in his home of a Christmas gift in the form of a pair of twins. Resuming his sermon, he began to wonder whether under the circumstances the text might not occasion comment among the congregation—"Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?"



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